National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Selections.

SLAVERY IN THE NEW SCHOOL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

[It appears to be the determination of leading Presbyterians in the Western States that the subject of slavery shall be fully discussed in the New School General Assembly, which will meet next week in Cleveland. That our readers may see in what shape the question is to be presented and the nature of the action sought for by those who ask its consideration, we subjoin the resolutions adopted by three different Presbyteries.]

ACTION OF THE PRESBYTERY OF KALAMAZOO.

The Presbytery of Kalamazoo to the General Assembly, etc.

Since it has appeared, in the developments of the past year, that erroneous impressions exist and are widely disseminated as to the true position of the Presbyterian Church in respect to American slavery—since an open apostacy from the common faith of the Christian Church, which regards this system of oppression as "essentially at variance with the principles and spirit of the gospel of Christ," is avowed by leading men in our Church, who rejoice that "the Slave Power has been and is gaining ground in the United States," and claim that slavery "is one form of the government of Christ over fallen men"; and since strenuous efforts are now making to extend and perpetuate it, claiming that it "may properly be supported, defended and participated in by Christian men";

Therefore we earnestly petition the Assembly to make a new, solemn and emphatic *declaration and testimony*, adapted to this new state of things, and to employ all its constitutional power in removing slavery from the Churches where it now exists, as provided for in the Book of Discipline, chap. 7, sec. I, and in the action of the General Assembly, at Detroit, in 1850, and in a previous action in 1818.

ACTION OF THE SCIOTO PRESBYTERY.

Since erroneous impressions exist in some minds in respect to the position of the Presbyterian Church, in regard to the sin of slavery, whereby its efficiency and usefulness threaten to be greatly impaired, and since an open apostacy from the common faith of the Christian Church on the subject of slavery is now avowed by many at the South, we feel that the General Assembly is called to make a new, solemn and emphatic declaration and testimony adapted to this new state of things; and also to direct the Synods and Presbyteries of the South, involved in this sin, to institute judicial proceedings against such of their number as are implicated or shall avow their adherence to this great evil.

And, especially since it is openly maintained by professed followers of Christ that slavery, as a system, is right and to be defended, "as it is"—that it involves no necessary wrong, and may be properly supported, defended and participated in by Christian men, and this too at a time when the most determined efforts are made to extend its blight over vast regions now free, not only by legislative enactments and measures of violence, but more recently by judicial decision—we do, therefore, earnestly petition the Assembly to adopt the following declaration and testimony, or one equivalent to it, viz.:

Whereas the system of slavery existing in these United States is essentially at variance with the principles and spirit of the gospel of Christ, and

Whereas strenuous efforts are now making to extend and perpetuate it, notwithstanding the oppression, inhumanity and cruelty, and the numerous other evils, spiritual and temporal, which it involves,

Resolved, That this body feel constrained to renew their solemn testimony against this great iniquity, and do earnestly exhort and entreat all Christian men with whom they can have any influence not only not to participate in it, but to labour to array against it the conscience and the whole moral power of the Christian Church.

Resolved, That the Synods connected with this Assembly in the slaveholding States of this Union be and are hereby required to enjoin on their several Presbyteries to take the proper steps of discipline with such of their members as may be slaveholders, in such sense as has been pronounced "an offence" requiring discipline.

Passed by the Presbytery of Scioto, in session at Ironton, April 8th, 1857.

Attest: J. CHESTER, Stated Clerk.

ACTION OF THE PRESBYTERY OF CLEVELAND.

Whereas, the General Assembly of 1818 delared that, We consider the voluntary enslaving of one part of the human race by another, as a gross violation of the most precious and sacred rights of human nature; as utterly inconsistent with the law of God, which requires us to "love our neighbour as ourselves"; and as totally irreconcilable with the spirit and principles of the Gospel of Christ which enjoin, that "all things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even unto them"; and, whereas, this declaration has been so frequently referred to, and endorsed by subsequent Assemblies, as to make it properly the sentiment of our branch of the Church on this subject; and whereas strenuous efforts are making to defend this system of wrong as a *proper social* relation; to extend it over all the free States and Territories of the Union, and to multiply its victims by a renewal of the slave trade; therefore, we earnestly desire the General Assembly, at its session, to be held in Cleveland, next May, to make some such declaration of sentiment as the following, viz:

Resolved, I. That this Assembly regard the teachings, "that slavery is a *proper relation*, becoming wrong only by perversion and abuse, and that as Christians we should only attempt to correct and prevent these evils"; and any other instruction on this subject adverse to the oft-repeated sentiments of the Assembly, as an error in doctrine reproachful to the Christian name, and greatly mischievous in its influence upon our branch of the Church.

Resolved, 2. That we earnestly exhort and entreat all the ministers, and elders, and membership of our connection, that they may not only not participate in the spirit, principles and practice of voluntary slaveholding, but that they labour in all proper ways to array against it the conscience and the whole moral power of the Christian Church, and that when these fail the disciplinary power of the Church be employed to remove from our connection these odious principles and practices.

Resolved, 3. That, since the Assembly of 1850 resolved that "the holding of our fellow-men in a condition of slavery, except in those case where it is unavoidable by the laws of the State, the obligations of guardianship, or the demands of humanity, is an offence in the proper import of that term, as used in the Book of Discipline, chap. 1, sec. 3, and should be regarded and treated in the same manner as other offences"; and, whereas, the Rev. Robert McLain, from the Presbytery of Newton, Synod of Miss., declared in the Assembly of 1853, concerning the Churches, which he represented, that "as many owned slaves as were able to own; that they held them for gain; that it was considered a great advantage to have slaveholders join the Church, as they were so well able to support the Gospel"; and, whereas, the reports of the Assembly of 1856 represent Rev. Wm. E Holley, from the Presbytery of Lexington, South Synod of Miss., as deliberately declaring on the floor of the Assembly, "I am a slaveholder; I am a slaveholder from principle; I have nothing to concede on that subject; I will not state one thing in New York and another in Mississippi; I will even go further than to say that I am a slaveholder from principle—I am a slaveholder from choice"; and, whereas, Mr. Holley, being dead, yet speaketh these same sentiments through Rev. Dr. Newton, of Jackson, Miss., who says, in a tribute to the memory of Mr. Holley, published in the *Christian Observer:*

"I deem it due to the memory of his good name, his unquestioned piety, and eminent services to the Church in the salvation of souls, both of the bond and free, as well as for the respect and affection which we bear toward his bereaved family, that some of us should favourably avouch the character and conduct of our deceased brother, and say to the Synod or to the General Assembly: 'If he hath wronged thee, or oweth thee aught, put that on mine account.'

"Accordingly, I hereby declare that there are to-day one, two, three—a half dozen (and many more) ministers, members of the several Presbyteries constituting the Synod of Mississippi, who are slaveholders, as Mr. Holley was; and who will say, as Mr. Holley said, 'we are slaveholders from principle.' That is, as Mr. Holley evidently meant, we are slaveholders conscientiously; we do not deem slaveholding a sin.

"And I hereby notify the Synod of Genesee, and all whom it may concern, that whenever it is desired, I will give the names and the declarations of ministers, with their autograph signatures, occupying precisely the same ground as that professed by Mr. Holley."

And whereas, Such statements from such sources evince that corrupt practices in regard to the treatment of men do prevail in the Presbyteries connected with the Synod of Mississippi; and that no suitable discipline has been exercised therefor; therefore, we further desire the Assembly to "take cognizance" of this matter, according to the authority conferred upon them by the Book of Discipline, chap. 7, sec. 1, and require said Synod to see that its Presbyteries purge themselves from such offences against the word of God and the order of the Church.

JAMES SHAW, Stated Clerk.

Newburgh, April 9th, 1857.

From The Cleveland Leader.

DR. ROSS AND THE NEW SCHOOL ASSEMBLY.

As the New School General Assembly is soon to meet in Cleveland, the following scrap of history may be of interest, taken from an article in the Chicago *Congregational Herald*, written by the Rev. Asa Turner, of Denmark, Iowa, and bearing his signature:

"DR. ROSS.

"I wish also to state an incident in the life of Dr. Ross, the great slavery defender in the last New School General Assembly. It was related to me by the late Dr. Nelson.

"The Doctor's mother was his father's slave. But instead of selling his children as many slaveholders do, he liberated the mother and her children and left them his property. There were two brothers. The eldest, as he came up to manhood, attended a party one evening. A young buck asked him what gave him a position in the society of gentlemen. He pulled out a purse of gold, and, holding it up, said, 'this gave me admittance.' 'No,' replied the questioner, 'gold cannot give you a right to the society of gentlemen. Your blood is not *pure.*' This was a deadly blow. He could no longer live under the reproaches of mortified pride. He went out, took a pistol, and shot himself. Frederick, the younger son, made his way into Tennessee, there became hopefully pious, and is now the *great* DR. ROSS."

The father of Dr. Ross, after having added to the crime of holding the Doctor's mother as a slave, that of causing her to become the mother of his children, should receive the credit of liberating them and giving them his property. But suppose he had not emancipated them. What would be the Doctor's present position, if so long living, under this changed state of things? Would he not, in all probability, be *enjoying the precious boon* of slavery, with all its concomitants, robbed of his manhood, his intellect blotted out, as a superfluity from the hand of his mother, classed with the beasts of the plantation, and subject to sale any day on the auction-block? If the reading of God's word, and the exercise of a cultivated common sense as to its teachings, were compatible with such an experience, our opinion is, the Doctor would find very few arguments in support of the position he *now* seems so proud to advocate—that the Bible sanctions slavery. Better for the cause of Christ that the latter had been his condition, than that he should be allowed to exert a leading influence to bring the principles and practice of so important a branch of the Church as the New School Assembly is, to his demoralizing standard of faith and practice.

Will not Dr. Ross admit that what has been to him an unspeakable blessing, to-wit: emancipation by his master, with the means of a comfortable support and education for the time being, would be an equally great blessing to every other slave? And if so, how can he, *now* being *free*, turn his back upon his brethren and with the heel of oppression grind them into the dust, and then hope to stand acquitted before the bar of Him, who judges not according to the appearance but according to the state of the heart? H.

INTERESTING FROM KANSAS.

SECRETARY STANTON'S REPLY TO THE FREE STATE SETTLERS.

LAWRENCE, K. T., April 25th.

Hon. F. P. Stanton, Acting Governor, Kansas Territory.

DEAR SIR: In your address to the people of Lawrence last evening, we understood you to say in substance, that you would enforce the laws enacted by a Legislature elected by the people of an adjoining State until they should be repealed; also, if the laws are unjust or distasteful our remedy is the ballot-box.

We are now invited to participate in an election of delegates to a Constitutional Convention to meet in September next, to frame a Constitution and State government. We are told that the election law is a good one; that the voice of the actual settlers can be heard at the polls, and that justice will be meted out to all parties.

We regret that the past conduct of the officers to superintend this election has not been such as to permit us to believe that they will secure a fair vote of the people; and the fact that many well known citizens in Kansas are omitted from the registry list, and that as well-known citizens and residents of Missouri are registered, is conclusive proof to us that a fair election is not intended, and will not be permitted by the officers who have thus far had the matter in charge.

But if a fair election is intended, notwithstanding the body of men calling it was not elected by the people of Kansas; and notwithstanding the people have already formed a Constitution, of which a large majority approve, we, the undersigned, are willing to overlook the past, and go into the election of delegates to a Constitutional Convention, should a Convention of the people of Kansas concur, if the following course will be adopted by the officers of the election, to-wit:

First—Two persons shall be elected in each Township or District to correct the registry list—one by the Pro-Slavery and one by the Free State party, who shall proceed in company to take the census, and register all legal voters; and the Probate Judges shall correct the first lists, and the appointment of delegates shall be made according to the returns thus made.

Second—Four Judges of Election shall be selected for each voting precinct, two by the Pro-slavery and two by the Free State party; and the names of three of said judges shall be required to a certificate of election to entitle a person to a seat in the Convention.

* * * * * * *

Very respectfully, your obedient servants,

C. ROBINSON,	G. W. SMITH,
WM. HUTCHINSON,	GEO. F. EARLE,
EDWARD CLARK,	JOSEPH CRACKLIN,
EPHRAIM NUTE, JR.,	G. JENKINS,
JOHN HUTCHINSON,	S. S. EMORY,
G. C. BRACKETT,	JOHN H. WAKEFIELD,
E. D. LADD,	J. A. FINLEY,

C. W. BABCOCK.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, LECOMPTON, K. T., April 30, 1857.

GENTLEMEN: Yours of the 25th inst. reached me only by last night's mail. I proceed without delay to reply to the proposition you make in reference to the election about to be held for delegates to a Constitutional Convention.

As I take a different view of the laws of the Territory from that which you express, it will be impossible for me to consent to any new proceeding in opposition to that which has been sanctioned by the Legislative authorities.

I did not hear from Gen. Maclean any such admission as you represent him to have made. That gentleman spoke only of his individual action in the particular mentioned, and whether that action was right or wrong, or whether it occurred in that individual instance only, or in a thousand others, by men either from Missouri or Massachusetts, it could not invalidate the laws which now prevail in the Territory. If I believed—as I do not believe—your assertion that the laws of Kansas were "enacted by a Legislature elected by the people of an adjoining State," it would be still impossible for me to set them aside—the attempt to do so would be an act of gross usurpation, not less objectionable in its character and effects than the fraudulent interference which you attribute to the people of Missouri. I must, therefore, say to you in the most explicit language, that I can do nothing which denies the authority and validity of the laws enacted within this Territory. Congress alone has power to abrogate them.

I have no authority over the Probate Judges. It is not my province to advise them in relation to the performance of their judicial functions. Yet it will not be improper for me to say that it would be very judicious and becoming in them to obtain every possible information from respectable men of both parties, in order to enable them to correct the list of voters. If such impartial men of their own will and within the time limited by law, could take a new census and present it to the Probate Judges with sufficient proof of its fairness and accuracy, I think the Probate Judges would be bound to adopt and return it to the Governor as the true list legally corrected.

I should be sorry to see any Probate Judge in the Territory refuse to receive the sworn testimony of two respectable men, differing in politics, as to any matter within their knowledge, connected with the residence of citizens, and their qualifications as voters. I do not believe such a wrong can possibly have occurred, and I therefore say that if you had been desirous of obtaining a correct list of voters for the coming election, you had it in your power to accomplish that object in perfect conformity with the law.

It is not my purpose to reply to your statement of facts. I cannot do so from any personal knowledge, enabling me either to admit or deny them. I may say, however, I have heard statements quite as authentic as your own, and in some instances from members of your own party, to the effect that your political friends have very generally, indeed almost universally, refused to participate in the pending proceedings for registering the names of the legal voters. In some instances they have given fictitious names, and in numerous others they have refused to give any names at all. You cannot deny that your party have heretofore resolved not to take part in the registration, and it appears to me that without indulging ungenerous suspicions of the integrity of officers, you might well attribute any errors and omissions of the sheriffs to the existence of this well-known and controlling fact. I forbear to say anything of the unreasonableness of your requirement that we shall set aside the law in order to accomplish what you have refused to do in obedience to its provisions, but I will be most happy to learn that you, gentlemen, and your party friends generally, have been at work in earnest with a view to enable the Probate Judges to present a true and perfect list of the legal voters of the Territory. You have had power to correct the lists—if you have failed to do it, the fault will be your own.

In reference to your proposition to appoint four judges of election at every place of voting, I have to say that the law very wisely authorizes only three. The Governor has nothing to do with their appointment. It is not in my power, therefore, to adopt your suggestions in this particular. If I had any authority in the matter, I would, in every instance, appoint as judges of election one Republican of your party, one National Democrat in favour of a free State, and one National Democrat in favour of making a slave State: this would be quite as fair and impartial a mode of proceeding as ever is, or indeed can be adopted by political parties in any country. I most sincerely hope the Probate Judges may adopt this suggestion, or any other which may better avail to secure a perfectly fair and independent expression of the popular will.

I have the honour to be, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
FREDERICK STANTON, Secretary,
and acting Governor of Kansas Territory.

To C. Robinson, Wm. Hutchinson, Edward Clark, and others.

SOUTHERN RUFFIANISM.

I SUSPECT that in all accounts which have hitherto been published of the Kansas struggle, the amount of the reenforcement derived by the Border Ruffians from Mississippi, Alabama and Tennessee, has been greatly underrated. Too much has been set down to the account of Missouri and of the border men. In analyzing all troubles and rows in the South and West, we must ever keep in mind the existence of a large *classe dangereuse* through all the slave States, composed mostly of the sons of planters, ever ripe for mischief, and ever on the watch for a "free fight," a fillibustering expedition, *n'importequoi*, in which some excitement is to be had, and which holds out in addition, some small prospect of gain. People not familiar with Southern plantation life are often at a loss to account for the appearance there of the hordes of idle adventurers who seem to spring in swarms from the soil, at the call of any freebooter who chooses to dub himself "general" and declare war on his private account against any neighbouring State, who are found in crowds in bar-rooms, on steamboats, in volunteer regiments in time of war, and generally in all places in which law is weak and the revolver omnipotent. It requires such large capital to procure a stock of negroes sufficient to work a plantation of any size with advantage, that few planters are able to start their sons in the world as farmers. Fewer still have hands enough to clear and cultivate the whole of the lands in their own possession. The young men, grown up wild about the house, pass their time in hunting, cock-fighting and chewing tobacco, drinking and running riot among the negro women. By the time the reach the age of fourteen they have acquired the language and manners of coarse bullies. To commercial pursuits they are by nature averse; planting is not open to them for want of money—so they either become lawyers, or doctors, or nothing. A few years at a "college"—a sort of bad imitation of our high schools—in Virginia, South Carolina, or Tennessee, with just as much study as they like, and without the smallest discipline or restaint of any kind, generally send them home at the end thorough-bred ruffians. The lawyers who swarm in all parts of the country, possibly open a "law office" in the nearest town, and try to get practice by a diligent attendance at the bars of taverns. If this fails, they will omit the professional career to open a tavern in a wooden shanty on their father's plantation, or else the young man starts, in default of briefs, as a professional politician. Failing a seat in the Legislature, or place in the public service, they relapse into their old ways. The doctors begin to practice nominally in the same way, but the neighbours are scarce and won't fall sick, the distances from house to house are enormous, and the fees miserably small, the prospect of improvement or reputation *nil*. They, too, speedily abandon physic, and devote all their energies to whiskey and tobacco. After a few years, life without employment or object becomes burdensome; the South wants recruits—in Texas, in Kansas, or in Nicaragua—to defend her rights or extend her area, and off they go, rifle in hand. This is the more favourable side of the picture, however. By far the greater number have no profession at all, nor the name of any profession, and linger on as hangers-on of their fathers or somebody else, haunt bar-rooms, shoot, fight, swear and gamble to the last, considering themselves all the while, in the midst of their dirt, their ignorance, their drunkenness and turbulence, as "Southern gentlemen," in proud contradistinction to Northern farmers and mechanics. These men are mostly dressed in shabby black, wear filthy linen, and fasten their shirt-fronts with a diamond pin, "take a drink" every half-hour, spit, on the average, six times in a minute, and swear "by God" thirty times in a conversation of five minutes. I give you these statistics from observations I have made, watch in hand.

Large numbers of this class went to Kansas, and, as soon as the excitement was over, took care not to remain very long where friends were few and money scarce. I found in every district through which I passed, that those who had gone at the beginning of the trouble had all, or nearly all, come home. This was openly stated, with much lamentation, in the local newspapers.—*Letter from an English Traveller, in the London News.*

MISS MINER'S SCHOOL AT WASHINGTON.

From The Tribune.

THE Federal District has a coloured population of 14,000, most of them free, while a large proportion of both free and slave are parti-coloured, evincing a liberal infusion of Caucasian blood. For the education of none of these, whether slave or free, is any public provision made, while nearly all of them exist in a state of poverty and social degradation which forbids the thought of their education by spontaneous effort. Living in a state of social vassalage, tolerated by the ruling caste only as ministrants to their pride, luxury and indolence, or panders to their vices, it is not strange that the moral as well as intellectual condition of these Blacks is a very low one—it would be strange indeed if it were otherwise.

These facts, some years since, impelled a Northern lady, Miss Myrtilla Miner, to undertake the establishment there of a School for Coloured Girls. The plan was favoured by a few philanthropists, through whose aid a plat of three acres or so, lying near the boundary dividing Washington City from Georgetown, has been purchased and paid for, with a small but commodious building thereon, which is at once the schoolhouse and residence of the teacher and her boarding-scholars. Here some thirty or forty girls of all hues but white are being instructed as well as the abilities and means of the teacher will permit. The impossibility of renting a room for such a purpose has constrained the purchase of this house and ground, while the absence of any appeals for local sympathy or local notoriety has not shielded the enterprise from the wrath of His Democratic Majesty, King Mob. For some years past, however, it has been unmolested—a favour which Miss Miner gratefully attributes to the personal interposition of Mrs. President Pierce, who, hearing that its riotous suppression was imminent, drove over repeatedly in her carriage to inquire into the progress of the school and be assured to its prospects and safety. The cowardly miscreants who were plotting its destruction, noting with amazement this reflected shadow of White House patronage, wilted like mown weeds under a July sun.

Recently, an effort has been made, mainly in Boston, to raise $20,000 for the enlargement of the house and general improvement of this school, so as to fit it for the accommodation of half a dozen teachers and one hundred and fifty scholars, including twenty or thirty boarders. Such dangerous radicals and fanatics as the Rev. Dr. Lothrop, George S. Hillard and Deacon Sam Greele were conspicuous in the effort, and it was thought that the $20,000 required could be raised in the course of this year.

These facts have stirred up the Hon. Walter Lennox, a pecuniary magnate and ex-Mayor of Washington City, to a counter-demonstration. He announces through *The National Intelligencer*, that this school must be put down. He don't want to provoke "a sectional controversy"!! He would simply suppress agitation by suppressing the education of coloured children in the District. Says the Hon. Walter:

"The matter involved is too momentous in all its relations, not only to this community, but to the entire country; and, in the language of the extract itself, 'rises infinitely above all party or sectional lines.' It is my will to arrest public attention here, as also elsewhere, in order that such immediate measures may be adopted as the exigency of the case demands. If I do not entirely mistake the opinion which the citizens of this District will entertain of the character and fatal consequences of this enterprise, they will almost universally, without distinction of party or class, emphatically protest against it, and will confidently expect that the advocates of this mass will promptly abandon it as an unjust and dangerous interference with the interests and feelings of a separate independent community.

"* * * We shall gain nothing by concession or delay. This scheme was started some years ago in humble guise, and in the foothold it has already gained, it feels secure of its future progress. Earnest, prompt action can now arrest it peacefully; tumult and blood may stain its future history.

"With justice, we can say to the advocates of this measure, You are not competent to decide this question; your habits of thought, your ignorance of our true relations to the coloured population, prevent you from making a full and candid examination of its merits, and, above all, the temper of the public mind is inauspicious even for its consideration. If your humanity demands this particular sphere for its action, and if, to use your own language, prejudice would brand them at your Northern schools, establish separate institutions in the Free States, dispense your money there abundantly as your charity will supply, draw to them the unfortunate at your own door, or from abroad, and in all respects gratify the largest impulses of your philanthropy; but do not seek to impose on us a system contrary to our wishes and interests, and for the further reason that by so doing you injure the cause of those whom you express a wish to serve. We must insist that within our limits we are the best, and must be the exclusive, judges of the character and degree of instruction that shall be imparted to this class of our population; who shall be their teachers, and what the nature of the influences they may seek or shall be permitted to exercise."

Certainly, Mr. Lennox! you citizens of the District can break up the school, burn the house, confiscate the grounds, and punish or banish the teacher, if you insist on it. There is no power in the States where the teaching of the poor and despised is no crime to prevent such demonstration on your part. But the People of the Free States have a right to judge whether a District in which such wrongs are instigated by the rich and powerful, and executed by their blind instruments, is a fit location for the Capital of this "Model Republic," and they will ponder the question without fear of your mobs or your denunciations. Nay, they will require their Representatives not to vote million after million of their money to increase your wealth and power, if you war thus on the education of the lowly which you are not asked to support. At the late session of Congress, million after million of their money was voted away to increase the price of your lots, the rent of your houses—one million at one dash of the pen in aid of the construction of an aqueduct, at the cost of the Federal Treasury, to diffuse the water of the Potomac through your streets; when your houses have no more right to be supplied with water at their expense than have the dwellings of New York or Chicago. You drove that appropriation through by means of a Committee of Conference, when you knew that the House was at least two-thirds opposed to it, and would at any time have voted it down as a separate proposition, as was in fact done. Now, Mr. Lennox, drive that woman and her little squad of school-children out of the District, and let us see the name of the Northern Representative who votes more money out of his constituents' pockets to enhance the price or the rents of your houses in the Federal City!

SELLING A COLORED MAN.

A DISGRACEFUL scene occurred at Belleville, St. Clair County, on the 18th inst. A colored man named JOHN Redmond, formerly of Pennsylvania, having been arrested at the instance of a thing named Henderlight, was condemned to be sold at public auction for the crime of having resided in this State for a longer period than ten consecutive days. Reader, this outrage did *not* take place in Mississippi or Alabama, but it *did* take place in the great State of Illinois—one of the five States formed out of the Northwest Territory, which was ceded to the General Government by Virginia, in 1787; one of the express conditions of such cession being that slavery or involuntary servitude, except for the punishment of crime, should be forever prohibited in the Territory then ceded. Thomas Jefferson, whose memory the bogus democracy of the present day affect to revere, drafted the immortal Ordinance of '87, and although it was introduced by Nathan Dane, of Massachusetts, it received the sanction of every Southern State represented in Convention. Modern democracy, however, is different from the genuine Jeffersonian article, and when the two conflict together the former is bound to triumph. Four years ago, the democracy of this State passed the following act through the Legislature; it was approved by a Democratic Governor, and it still remains in force—a damning disgrace to the entire State:

"If any negro or mulatto, bond or free, shall hereafter come into this State and remain ten days, with the intention of residing in the same, every such negro or mulatto shall be deemed guilty of a high misdemeanour, and for the first offence shall be fined the sum of fifty dollars, to be recovered before any Justice of the Peace in the County where said negro or mulatto may be found. * * * * If the said negro or mulatto shall be found guilty, and the fine assessed be not paid forthwith, it shall be the duty of said Justice to commit said negro or mulatto to the custody of the Sheriff of said County, or otherwise keep him, her or them in custody; * * * * the said Justice shall AT PUBLIC AUCTION proceed to SELL said negro or mulatto to any person who will pay said fine and costs for the shortest time; and the said purchaser shall have a right to COMPEL said negro or mulatto to work for and serve out said time," &c.

In pursuance of the above act Redmond was arrested and ordered to be sold, and on the 18th inst. he was led up to the auction block. Just previous to the time of sale, however, Lieutenant-Governor Koener appeared and advanced the amount of fine and costs, sixty-two dollars and a half. This was a grievous disappointment to the bogus Democrats of Belleville, who were in great hopes all along of witnessing the sale of a man, whose crime was that of wearing a dark skin, which was given to him by the hand of the Almighty.

The Belleville *Advocate* closes an article on the subject in the following style:

"The Magistrate who committed the men whose only crime was a skin not coloured like the said Magistrate's, and who ordered him to be sold for not paying a fine of $50 and costs, was Casper Thiell, a man who goes in for "the Union, the Constitution, and the Bible," a National Democrat whose ideas of Freedom begin and end with Slavery."

Such is modern Democracy, *alias* Border Ruffianism!

LETTER FROM A VIRGINIAN ON SLAVERY AND THE CHURCHES.

[The following letter comes to us, says *The Independent*, from a N. S. Presbyterian minister in Ohio, who was born, as he himself says, in Virginia, and who knows all about the "peculiar institution" by a long observation and experience of its working. It speaks for itself and will be well worthy the attention of our readers.]

To the Editors of The Independent.

I HAVE read everything I have seen *pro* and *con* about the late action of the Home Missionary Society, and I wish to express my surprise on reading a letter of Rev. Mr. Nelson, of St. Louis, Mo., in a late number of *The Evangelist*. Believing that the author of that letter is candid, when he tells what he thinks of slavery, I cannot conceive how he can regard a man as a *Christian* who "knowingly upholds this system, or who selfishly avails himself of it for gain, or to promote his own ease, or convenience, or advantage, at the expense of the liberty of his fellow-creatures." Surely our good brother, since he has gone to St. Louis, has not forgotten the golden rule taught by the Founder of Christianity, "Do unto others as ye would have them do unto you."

Had I been a Northern or New England man, and entirely ignorant, from personal observation, of the institution of slavery, Mr. Nelson's letter might have made quite a different impression on my mind as to the state of things in the South. But it so happens that I was born and educated and spent forty years of my life in the South, and perhaps know as much about matters and things in the slave States as our brother, who has so recently gone from a free to a slave State. I shall, therefore, take the liberty of testifying to a few things that I *know* and *have seen*.

Mr. Nelson says, "The dresser of the vineyard pleads in vain for *liberty to dig* about the unfruitful tree another year. He must cut it down or leave the vineyard." Is this dealing fairly with the question? If by cutting it down he means excluding the slaveholding member from the Church, *we* ask, when and where, in the South, has this ever been done? What pastor does attempt such a thing? As to the command to leave the vineyard, I ask from what source has it heretofore come—from the Home Missionary Society, or from Judge Lynch and Southern violence? The reason—and Mr. Nelson knows it—why the Society hesitates about sending dressers into Southern vineyards, is because they will not be allowed to *dig* and *dig faithfully*, about those unfaithful trees.

The Society has wisely determined to send a pure untrammelled Gospel to the South, or none at all. That is all it has done. Mr. Nelson says, "You require the patient to be well before you send him a physician." Now, is this the fact? Is this the difficulty? Does not Mr. Nelson know that the patient will not admit his disease to be a disease, but madly contends that it is a good thing and approved by the Bible, and will not receive the counsel and remedies of the physician the Society may send? As I understand the matter, the Society say they are ready and willing to send the physician, if the patient will receive him as a physician, and allow him to deal honestly with him as in the sight of God, and will receive the advice and the remedies which his Master bids him prescribe. But what if the patients rise up against the physicians, and, if they do not hang him, drive him from the midst of them, in a suit, it may be, of tar and feathers. Who, then, is responsible for the sick being without a physician?

I ask Mr. Nelson to give me the name of *one* minister in the slaveholding States, who is now allowed to speak the truth even in love, and employ all the means of influence which pertains to the pastoral office, to bring, as he may, his slaveholding members to repentance for what he deems sinful? Give me the name of *one* man if you can, who ever refused to be pastor of a Church because one or more of its members *needed* his patient and affectionate labours, as persons involved in the sin of slavery? Anti-slavery men, the world knows, are always ready to go and labour in slaveholding Churches, if those Churches will receive them and allow them to do their *whole* duty. It is a notorious fact that if a slaveholding Church will receive an anti-slavery man at all, it is with the understanding that he must be perfectly *mum* on the sin of slavery. Give me the name of *one* slaveholding Church, which, in the language of Mr. Nelson, is "willing to hear on the subject of slavery, and give us an opportunity to inculcate our views and endeavour to convince them of their error." Give me the name of *one* such Church, and I shall know what forty years have failed to teach me.

Mr. Nelson says, "I do not complain of your taking care that the physician shall be free from the disease, and shall have no smell of it in his garments." Very well. But we complain that slaveholding Churches will not receive such physicians; and *I* complain that those Northern physicians, when they go South, too often not only have "the smell of it in their garments," but really take the disease, and become the stiffest and most ultra pro-slavery men. We, of the South, who are really opposed to slavery, complain that but for the counter influences of you Northern physicians, thus diseased, our opposition would be vastly more successful than it has as yet been. Of all the strange things connected with slavery, the strangest is that a Northern minister, educated as we know he has been, should be a pro-slavery man; and such a man is always held in *distrust* in the South. We say to Mr. Nelson that we mourn over the knowledge of the fact that a large majority of our Souther pastors are pro-slavery men, and take the ground that the Bible sanctions the institution. No other kind can labour there—a thing we may as well take for *settled* and fixed, first as last. As a Southern man, I affirm that the only basis of treaty on which the South will negotiate with the North, is that the former be permitted to hold on to the "peculiar institution." On this point, when will the North understand the South?—VIRGINIA.—*Independent.*

EXHIBITION OF SOUTHERN CHIVALRY.

From The Cleveland Leader.

EVERYBODY knows, says the Cincinnati *Commercial*, or has heard of Alf. Burnett, the comic and tragic mimic and elocutionist. Alf. was advertised to give one of his entertainments in Richmond. This, reaching the ears of some thirty or forty of the daring and chivalrous denizens, in the shape of school-house squirts, they determined he should not leave the place alive, but promised to riddle his body through if he persisted in coming. So to give vent, and get their blood-thirsty designs ready for instant action, they commenced upon his agent, a Kentuckian by birth, and after insulting him, took from him all the fine photographs of Alf., and jumped upon them, crushing picture, frame and glass, into atoms; then glutted their vengeance upon innocent posters and programmes—promising the same treatment to the aforesaid Alf. when he arrived. A message was sent off post haste to inform Alf. of the "terrific scenes" enacted. Alf. was in Lexington as yet, and here is the note received by one-horse EXPRESS—but we should here state that the agent beat the express half an hour. But to the letter:

DEAR ALF.: You will no doubt be surprised at receiving a note from me. I returned only an hour since. I went to Tom Jones's room at the Broadway, but you were not there. For God's sake, do not go to RICHMOND; they will riddle you, sure. YOU WILL NOT BE PERMITTED TO GIVE YOUR ENTERTAINMENT HERE. I was received with *tolerable* civility at first, but on making application for the hall, was told in a very decided manner, "no D—D ABOLITIONIST would be allowed to lecture there." I tried to reason with them, but they would not listen, and as a specimen of their determination to maltreat YOU, they seized all your photographs, and smashed them into a thousand pieces, and taking your posters and programmes, tore them into shreds, and swore they would serve you in the same manner. I cannot tell you one-tenth of what I have passed through. I must see you *to-night*, for DANGER IS BREWING. I am wet, sick and dispirited. Remember and see me to-night. It is to *your* advantage, not MINE. J. A. B.

The chivalrous gentlemen of Richmond, some years since, made a demonstration upon Rockwell's company of equestrians and acrobats. Upon that occasion, however, they discovered that they had something more than show bills and lithographs to contend with, for the circus men not only whipped them out of their boots, but out of their town. The old adage that every cock will fight best upon his own dunghill don't hold good in that case, for the Richmond cocks, although numbering twenty to one against the sawdust men, proved that they were faster runners than fighters. Since then they have bottled up their wrath, until the appearance of the devoted agent of Alf. Burnett gave them a chance to uncork it, and thus, in the annihilation of the vile show bills and "picters" of the "cussed" Cincinnatian, the honour of this immortal burg is resuscitated, and, in the language of the immortal poet, her citizens may exclaim:

"If *Richmond's* fit to live,
Down with Alf. Burnett."

The following communication from "Alf." also appears in the *Commercial:*

ADIEU TO KENTUCKY.

CINCINNATI, April 27th, 1857.

EDS. COM.: On account of the ungenerous treatment I have met with in Lexington and Richmond, and not wishing to jeopardise my life among such a set any longer, I have made up my mind to bid adieu to Kentucky forever, or at least until the unruly portion of her people have been taught good manners. Before doing so, I wish to return my sincere thanks to many noble spirits I met with in Maysville, Mayslick, Mount Sterling, Cynthiana and a few in Lexington; as to the poor cowardly wretches who vented their spleen upon my property, the worst wish I have for them is that they may live to grow more wise and learn the true meaning of the word hospitality, of which they boast so much.

Respectfully yours, ALF. BURNETT.

Intolerance, rowdyism and ruffianism are the natural results of the "peculiar institution," and we have no more right to expect any other fruit from so foul a source than to expect a Upas tree to bear figs. We hope one day to see our sister State vindicate the reputation she won during the times of Boone by purging herself of the pestilential curse.

A SLAVE WHIPPED TO DEATH.

From The Newport (Ky.) News.

WE have received information that a slave was chained with a log chain, on the 25th ult., in Pulaski County, by a Mr. Stigal, his owner, and whipped every morning daily for six days, from fifty to one hundred stripes. On the morning of the seventh day he approached to complete the week's torture, but failed to enjoy that day's whipping. He found the poor tortured mortal dead.

The slave had asked permission of his master to go to see his wife on Saturday night, which request was denied him; but notwithstanding, the black man, after his work was done and all were in bed, went to see his wife, but returned before day to make fires and to feed.

He was put into a box and buried; but the coroner, hearing of the outrage, had the body dug up and examined by three physicians, who pronounced, "death by whipping." Officers are in search of the inhuman murderer, but we presume nothing will be done with him if found.

Let the reader imagine that a negro has whipped a white man to death for going to see his wife at the end of his week's work, and that too at night, when all were asleep, and see what will be his feelings.

White men are put to death for murder, black ones for love and true affection. O Slavery! The devil will get you.

MR. BAILEY—*Dear Sir:* We often hear it said that the condition of the slave is growing better in our land, and this is offered as a reason why we anti-slavery men should remain silent. If there be improvement, and there is in the condition of many, that improvement is attributed to the anti-slavery agitation. Slaveholders, under this agitation, suppress and conceal inhumanities, just as drunkards under the temperance agitation, conceal their bottles or jugs.

And if it were true that agitation does render the condition of the slave more arduous, still it would be our duty to agitate, plead for the release of the slave, just as it was the duty of Moses to persevere in his demand that the Hebrews go free, even though, by so doing, the condition of the Hebrew was rendered more severe.

I have just returned from a preaching tour in Pulaski County. There I learned a fact which should rouse the whole nation. It is the case of a master whipping his slave to death. I could give you the facts as detailed to me, but soon you will have them officially. The facts as detailed to me were of the most shocking character, surpassing in inhumanity any, and all acts ever heard of. The offence was said to be that of going to his wife's house on Saturday night, when forbidden by his master; though he was, as told me, back on Sunday before sunrise, to make fires and feed the stock. But legal investigation will probably reveal the facts.

Now, had this poor slave survived his torturous treatment, it is not probable that the six day's torture would have been known beyond the household or testimony of "niggers," as they are derisively termed. Poor unfortunate ones, stripped of their oath, they are virtually stripped of protection.

Some of the officers of State were in search of the master when I left. It was thought by many there, that money and hatred to the poor slaves would shield the master from punishment. I hope facts will prove the contrary. For, save this exception, I have not visited a County in the State where I was, on first visit, so favourably impressed with the people. Our meetings, part of the time were large, at all times solemn, attentive, with manifest good impression. Many causes are hastening the downfall of slavery. Let us work on. I send you a new subscriber. Yours, for the freedom of all men.

JOHN G. FEE.

Berea, Madison Co., Ky., April 30, 1857.

THE WAR IN LIBERIA.

From The American Baptist.

WE copied, not long since from another paper, a statement to the effect that hostilities had broken out at Cape Palmas, between the colonists and natives, and that much property had been destroyed and many lives lost. Further particulars are communicated in letters from members of the Protestant Episcopal Mission. Under date of Dec. 30, 1850, Bishop Payne writes:

"The past week has been the most eventful in the history of the Colony at Cape Palmas—perhaps the most eventful in the history of the Mission. The colonists, moved by various provocations, have burned up all the Cape Palmas and Grahway towns, eight in number, and driven their inhabitants, not far below six thousand, into the forest, or such interior villages as would afford them shelter; and the natives, on their part, have burned several unprotected houses in the colony, and amongst them our first station and our first African home—Mount Vaughan."

The Bishop has omitted to state what the "provocations" were, by which the colonists were moved to commence the war; but from a letter of Mr. Hoffman, also of the mission, bearing the same date, we learn that it was their refusal to listen to propositions for the purchase of their towns, and for their immediate removal. He says:

"On the 13th December there was a report that a conspiracy had been formed by the natives to cut off the colonists. An investigation took place the following week which was not satisfactory to the Government, and on Monday, the 22d, the head men were called, and propositions made for their immediate removal, and the purchase of their towns. These not being listened to, war was declared and the cannon opened fire on the dwellings of the natives; they made some resistance, but soon the town was in flames, and they fled with precipitation. Only one of the colonists was killed, and one wounded. The natives, during that night and the two following, avenged themselves for the loss of their towns, by burning the houses of the colonists, and on Christmas evening, our second anniversary, they burned Mount Vaughan.

"On that day, a party of colonists, with their allies, the Rocktown natives, in conjunction with the Cavalla people on the other side, went to the Grahway towns, and, after a pretty warm contest, succeeded in burning them—four in number—and proceeded down the beach with the Cavalla natives to Cavalla, where they spent the night. Not a man of the colonists was lost, though the natives suffered and fought bravely. They returned on the 27th, and the natives fled before them. Most of them have gone three days' journey into the interior, and to-day have sent to make overtures for peace."

So it appears to have been a regular fillibustering movement, on the principles of the Ostend Manifesto. The natives made such resistance as they might; but they were soon subdued, their towns wrapped in conflagration, and themselves driven three days' journey into the interior. Thence, they sued for peace—which, it seems, was not granted. A letter dated Monrovia, Feb. 1, 1857, says:

"The last intelligence from Cape Palmas was that Governor Drayton sent out an expedition of some fifty men to attack a native town, and twenty-six were either killed or severely wounded. In this number were included the flower of Cape Palmas, being most of her young and active men. The loss has weakened the colony."

To avenge this loss, an expedition from Monrovia was about to proceed to the Cape. The writer says:

"Our Government has appropriated ten thousand dollars to aid Cape Palmas, and one hundred and fifty men are now under arms, and will leave here to-morrow evening in the Mary Caroline Stevens for the seat of war. Ex-President Roberts has the command of the expedition."

From the following postscript of the same letter, it may be inferred that the natives, at least in the judgment of the writer, were more sinned against than sinning.

"We have just heard from Cape Palmas. A boat came in this evening, and reports that nothing has occurred of moment since the attack on the natives. No attempt had been made by the natives to attack the colonists, showing plainly that the natives are not hostile in the colony, and would, if properly treated, live on terms of peace with them."

TANEY THE CHIEF JUSTICE AND TANEY THE LAWYER.

HIS OPINIONS ON SLAVERY AND THE CONSTITUTION IN 1819.

From The Philadelphia Bulletin, May 5.

THE Hon. Roger B. Taney, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, has, in this year of grace 1857, delivered a judicial decision affirming divers things—and, among them, that slaves are property according to the Constitution of the United States; that the language of the Declaration of Independence about all men being created free and equal was not meant to apply to colored people; and that in old times everybody believed these doctrines.

In the year 1819, the Rev. Jacob Gruber, a minister of the Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was tried in the Frederick County Court, Maryland, for "attempting to excite insubordination and insurrection among slaves," by preaching a sermon in which he set forth the evils of slavery and the duties of masters. Mr. Roger B. Taney was one of the counsel for the defence, and in a pamphlet account of the trial, published in 1819, at Fredericktown, Md., by Mr. David Martin, and now lying before us, we find Mr. Taney's views of slavery, of the rights of man, and of the Declaration of Independence, at that time. For the benefit of Mr. Taney's good name, and for the purpose of letting every one compare his former opinions with his recent decision, we offer a few extracts from the closing speech for the defence:

MR. TANEY SHOWS THE RELATION OF METHODISM TO SLAVERY.

"It is well known that the gradual and peaceful abolition of slavery in these States is one of the objects which the Methodist Society have steadily in view. No slaveholder is allowed to be a Minister of that Church. Their preachers are accustomed, in their sermons, to speak of the injustice and oppressions of slavery. The opinion of Mr. Gruber on this subject nobody could doubt. And if any slaveholder believes it dangerous to himself, his family, or the community, to suffer his slaves to learn that all slavery is unjust and oppressive, and persuade himself that they would not of themselves be able to make the discovery, it was in his power to prevent them from attending the assemblies where such doctrines were likely to be preached. Mr. Gruber did not go to the slaves; they came to him. They could not come if their masters had chosen to prevent them."

HE VINDICATES FREE SPEECH.

"Mr. Gruber feels that it is due to his own character—to the station he fills—to the respectable society of Christians in which he is a Minister of the Gospel, not only to defend himself from this prosecution, but also to avow, and to vindicate here, the principles he maintained in his sermon. There is no law that forbids us to speak of slavery as we think of it. Any man has a right to publish his opinions on that subject whenever he pleases. It is a subject of national concern, and may at all times be freely discussed."

MR. TANEY SPEAKS OF SLAVERY, NOT AS A LAWYER, BUT IN HIS OWN NAME.

"Mr. Gruber did quote the language of our great act of National Independence, and insisted on the principles contained in that venerated instrument. He did rebuke those masters who, in the exercise of power, are deaf to the calls of humanity; and he warned them of the evils they might bring upon themselves. He did speak with abhorrence of those reptiles, who live by trading in human flesh, and enrich themselves by tearing the husband from the wife, the infant from the bosom of the mother; and this I am instructed was the head and front of his offending. Shall I content myself," continued Mr. Taney, "with saying he had a right to say this? that there is no law to punish him? So far is he from being the object of punishment in any form of proceedings, that we are prepared to maintain the same principles, and to use, if necessary, the same language here in the temple of justice, and in the presence of those who are the ministers of the law.

"A hard necessity, indeed, compels us to endure the evil of slavery for a time. It was imposed upon us by another nation, while we were yet in a state of colonial vassalage. It cannot be easily or suddenly removed. Yet while it continues, it is a blot on our national character, and every real lover of freedom confidently hopes that it will be effectually, though it must be gradually wiped away; and earnestly looks for the means by which this necessary object may be best obtained. And until it shall be accomplished; until the time shall come when we can point without a blush to the language held in the Declaration of Independence, every friend of humanity will seek to lighten the galling chain of slavery, and better, to the utmost of his power, the wretched condition of the slave.

"Such was Mr. Gruber's object in that part of his sermon of which I am now speaking. Those who have complained of him, and reproached him, will not find it easy to answer him—unless complaints, reproaches and persecution shall be considered an answer."

These extracts suffice to show that Mr. Taney is, or at least was, a much better man, and a far more profound lawyer, than one would suppose from reading his recent opinion in the Dred Scott case. Let us give Mr. Taney his due.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1857.

☞ NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.—The Annual New England Anti-Slavery Convention will be held in Boston on WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, May 27 and 28, at the MELODEON, commencing on Wednesday, at 10 o'clock, a. m.

In a time like the present—with all the safeguards of liberty overthrown, and the rule of a slaveholding oligarchy absolute over the country—with the highest motives and the strongest inducements for personal self-sacrifice and individual action—the true friends of freedom can need no importunity to secure, on their part, a thronged attendance at this anniversary, which has uniformly been distinguished for the interest and spirit of its proceedings, and which, in view of the startling events that have transpired since its last celebration, cannot fail to be marked by an increasing earnestness and devotion.

Among the speakers at this Convention may be expected William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker (should his health be sufficiently restored), Edmund Quincy, Parker Pillsbury, T. W. Higginson, Charles L. Remond, Chas. C. Burleigh, Stephen S. Foster, Abby Kelley Foster, Susan B. Anthony, Andrew T. Foss, Aaron M. Powell, and many others.

In behalf the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. FRANCIS JACKSON, President.
ROBERT F. WALLCUT, Rec. Sec.

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

TWENTY-FOURTH ANNIVERSARY.

Reported for THE STANDARD by WM. HENRY BURR.

THE Twenty-fourth Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society was commenced on Tuesday morning, May 12, at the City Assembly Rooms. The spacious hall was filled with about 2,000 people.

Mr. GARRISON, the President of the Society, after calling the meeting to order, read Selections from the Scriptures. An opportunity was then offered to any one who felt moved to make vocal prayer in behalf of the oppressed.

The Rev. A. D. MAYO, of Albany, offered an appropriate prayer.

Mr. GARRISON then submitted the following resolutions, which he had been instructed to present to the Society at a preliminary meeting held last evening:

1. Resolved, That the only abolitionism we promulgate, and call upon the nation to reduce to practice, is embodied in the self-evident truths of the Declaration of Independence, and in the Golden Rule of the Gospel—nothing more, nothing less.

2. Resolved, That we have but one object in view—the immediate liberation of the Slave; but one test of statesmanship—the Slave; but one proof of patriotism—the Slave; but one standard of piety—the Slave; in other words, we pronounce that statesmanship to be folly which leaves the Freedom of the Slave out of sight, that patriotism to be hollow which does not break his fetters, and that piety to be spurious which does not hail him as a man and a brother.

3. Resolved, That he who was before all institutions, and is to survive them all, is greater than them all; hence, that he is never to be sacrificed that they may be preserved; and whenever they come in conflict with his God-given rights, they are to be modified or abolished, and he is to stand crowned with glory and honour, as one created but a little lower than the angels.

4. Resolved, That we shall allow nothing to stand between the slave and his emancipation—neither political party nor religious sect, neither parchment nor compact, neither Constitution nor Union; but we shall press through them all, or over them all, diverted by no side issue, intimidated by no menace, appalled by no danger, till we break his yoke, and place him, redeemed and disenthralled, upon the world-wide platform of a common humanity.

5. Resolved, That if to make human liberty paramount to all other considerations be fanaticism, then we glory in being fanatics; that if to be in deadly antagonism to a pro-slavery religion be infidelity, then we are infidels; and if to declare that a slaveholding Union ought to be dashed in pieces be treason, then we are proud of the title of traitors; for "the head and front of our offending hath this extent—no more."

6. Resolved, That all the features of the late decision of Judge Taney, and his four slaveholding associates, of the United States Supreme Court, in the Dred Scott case, are marked by a brutality of spirit, a daring disregard of all historical verity, a defiant contempt of State sovereignty, a wanton perversion of the Constitution of the United States in regard to the rights of American citizens, and an audacious denial of all the principles of justice and humanity, that justly call for the sternest condemnation, and its indignant rejection as a decision binding upon the conscience or conduct of any man, or any part of the country.

7. Resolved, That while the armed invasion and bloody conquest of Kansas, by Southern "Border Ruffians," and the recent decision of the United States Supreme Court in regard to the citizenship of the coloured population of the country, are atrocities of the most fiendish character; and while no language of indignation and horror is too strong to be uttered in view of their perpetration, still these are not excesses of the slave system, but its very nature and bent—effects of the same cause—fruits of the same poison-tree; hence, to dwell upon these superadded crimes, and to leave the source of them untouched—nay, to keep it in full operation by constitutional protection—is not only a lamentable waste of time, but a gross moral absurdity.

8. Resolved, That the South has simply been true to her necessities—taking no unnecessary steps, resorting to no extraneous measures, seeking no superfluous safeguards, in order to give security to her slave system; that she could do no less, and will be continually constrained to do more and more in the same direction—trampling upon all agreements, guarantees and compacts, and making fresh aggressions upon the rights and liberties of the people of the North, until the very forms of republican government are overthrown, and a military dictatorship be established over the entire country.

9. Resolved, That while the North gives its sanction and support to slavery in fifteen States of the Union, it can make no consistent moral resistance to its extension in the Territories; that we tell the Republican party that if it would be a curse and crime to plant it in Kansas, it is no less criminal and disastrous to perpetuate it in Carolina; that it is equally absurd and immoral to make it a question of soil, climate, of latitude and longitude, or of bargain and compromise; that if it be compatible with Christianity and Republicanism to hold four millions of slaves as property, it is no less so to hold four hundred millions in the same condition; that to license oppression is to lose the power to limit it; and that any other issue with slavery in this country, except that of its immediate and total abolition, is wild and delusive.

10. Whereas (in the language of John Quincy Adams) "It cannot be denied—the slaveholding lords of the South prescribed, as a condition of their assent to the Constitution, three separate provisions to secure the perpetuity of their dominion over their slaves: The first was the immunity, for twenty years, of pursuing the African slave trade; the second was the stipulation to surrender fugitive slaves—an engagement positively prohibited by the laws of God delivered from Sinai; and, thirdly, the exaction, fatal to the principles of popular representation, of a representation for slaves—for articles of merchandise, under the name of persons—thus constituting a privileged order of men in the community, more adverse to the rights of all, and more pernicious to the interests of the whole, than any order of nobility ever known, and making the preservation, propagation and perpetuation of slavery the vital and animating spirit of the National Government"; and,

Whereas this view of the design and character of the Constitution, is sustained by all the historical facts in regard to its formation, by its uniform interpretation by all the Courts and all the Legislatures of all the States, and by the spirit and action of the American people under it from 1789 to the present time, thus placing it beyond all reasonable doubt or denial; and,

Whereas a Constitution so formed and administered is nothing better than a "covenant with death and an agreement with hell," to uphold which is morally wrong and politically vicious—making responsible, as it does, the whole country for the safety and perpetuity of the slave system, therefore,

Resolved, That it becomes a high moral duty to dissolve the present National Compact; to raise the banner of secession; to join in the cry of "No Union with Slaveholders"; to separate the North from the South; that the awful responsibilities growing out of the existence of Slavery may be placed upon the heads of those who proclaim their determination to perpetuate their nefarious "institution"—the resources of the Slave Power, whereby it is enabled to extend and strengthen itself, cut off—the slaves permitted to stand erect, and look their lordly masters in the face, and settle the question of their liberty, without any extraneous influence—the slaveholders deprived of all auxiliary aid, and put in a situation in which it will be a physical and geographical impossibility for them to retain a single victim in bondage.

11. Resolved, That we do not, can not, dare not, will not recognise as Churches of Christ, those Churches which sanction slavery; which justify, excuse, or apologize for slaveholding under any circumstances, and which admit slaveholders to their communion and fellowship; that it is blasphemy against God, and treason to Jesus Christ, to admit that such Churches are His: that, on the other hand, we regard them as the actual atheists and infidels of this country—undermining the foundations of society, subverting genuine Christianity, filling the land with impurity and unrighteousness, and poisoning by their pernicious doctrines and example the moral well-springs throughout the land.

Mr. GARRISON—I have now the pleasure of introducing to the audience THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON, of Worcester, Mass., a tried and true friend of freedom, who needs no eulogy on this occasion.

SPEECH OF REV. T. W. HIGGINSON.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I heard until within a few moments that I was to follow Mr. Garrison in speaking. It is the next most honourable thing to that to follow at his word of command. There is an old Greek proverb which says, It is an honour to be a patriot; it is an honour even to come when a patriot calls. A patriot has called me and I have come. It is not without meaning or consideration that I select that word for our great leader. It is not merely because, in the words of the resolutions, this Society has but one standard of patriotism—the slave. But I have high authority for the epithet which I choose; because it was the leader of the Republican party in this nation, its great manager its most skilful wire-puller, who, in the best speech he ever made—it is Henry Wilson of whom I am speaking—at the *Liberator* festival, six years ago, after boasting of having read *The Liberator* for twelve years, and attributing to its teachings the greater part of his own love of freedom, ended by choosing out of Mr. Garrison's virtues to extol, not his truthfulness, not his courage, not his zeal, but "the patriotism of the disunionist, Mr. Garrison." I have, therefore, high political authority for what I say.

I stand here upon this platform with pleasure, for two reasons. The first is this: We hear it said every day that the Abolitionists of the American Anti-Slavery Society are stern, narrow, sectarian, illiberal, intolerant of any man or of any opinion which does not fully coincide with them or theirs. I stand here a living witness of the falsehood of the charge. From the moment when first, in an obscure country parish of New England, I ventured to peep and mutter upon the subject of American slavery, the support, the unfailing friendship of the Abolitionists around me has been mine. Never agreeing with them wholly, never asked to agree with them wholly, never accepting that special dogma of the interpretation of the Constitution, which is supposed to be the narrow standard by which they try all virtues, I have found ever from them a sympathy more than my deserts, a friendliness which I never earned. I could not in words, perhaps, refute the charge of illiberality against them; but it is refuted by my standing here.

I have another reason for standing here. I look in vain throughout the nation for another place to stand and find men and women who see slavery as it is and in its full strength. I have coöperated with political Abolitionists all my life; I may still coöperate with them if they will be kind enough to pass by my door. I have coöperated all my life with anti-slavery clergymen also. But I have looked in vain for a body of men who understand slavery in its depth except the Abolitionists of the Anti-Slavery Society. With all others it is a superficial thing. Every man who has been in Republican meetings knows it, if he knows slavery as it is. Every man who has been in the habit of talking anti-slavery with those who talk it loudly and habitually, in the streets and the caucuses, knows the shallowness of their perception of this giant evil. A young New Yorker whom I met, not long since, in a foreign country, told me that he was an Abolitionist. "I am from America; I am from New York; of course I am an Abolitionist," says he; "but, then, I am not an ultra Abolitionist, like Seward and Greeley" (laughter). Well, we have come here among a class of men also not ultra Abolitionists, like Seward and Greeley; of quite a different stamp; but Seward and Greeley are ultra Abolitionists in their manner, in their earnestness, in their fidelity; ultra Abolitionists compared with the mass of the Republican party. The mass of the Republican party have only begun to open their eyes to the grasp that slavery has taken upon the nation. The great number of Republican speakers see slavery, after all, as a trivial evil compared with its reality. Of course they see, for he must be blind who does not see, that it is the first political question before the nation, because there is no other political question before the nation. It needs no insight to see that slavery is more important than the bank or the tariff, because the tariff is settled, and so is the bank. They are no questions at all. They paint slavery, therefore, as the first question before the nation; they paint the Slave Power as something strong indeed, but not colossal; powerful indeed, but not frightful. They think it is a demon, but that it is a kind of demon that goes out, after all, very easily by prayer and fasting, the prayer of three thousand Yankee clergymen and the fasting for the loaves and fishes of the Republican party for four years more (laughter).

They do not see it, they never have seen it as it is. This very morning, I read in an able Republican journal the statement that, after all, however it may have seemed in times past, the Slave Power is "a weak thing," when you come broadly to look it in the face. "A weak thing," Mr. Chairman? If the power that has controlled this nation since its formation, that has for half a century elected every President, dictated every Cabinet, controlled every Congress, the power that has demoralized the religion of the nation and emasculated its literature, the power that outwitted Clay and stultified Webster, the power that has ruled as easily its Northern creditors as its Northern debtors, the power that at this moment stands with all the patronage of the greatest nation in the world in its clutches, and upon the firmest financial basis in the world—so George Peabody says—of cotton beneath its feet—if this power be weak, where in the wide universe will you look for anything strong? Weakness? Why, slavery is king; king *de facto*. It is as strong now as it was before the hundreds of thousands of freemen rallied to the support of John C. Fremont. It is as strong now as it was when Fremont was only known as the explorer of the Rocky Mountains and the millionaire of California. It is absolute in its strength [illegible] to-day [illegible] the folly of those that think it weak, and it laughs at them. What does it fear? It has forgotten God, and there are only two things in the universe that it does fear, and those are the devil and William Lloyd Garrison. Out in Kansas my brilliant friend, James H. Lane, was making one of his characteristic speeches to the people, and he wanted words to describe the position of the two leaders of Kansas; for Kansas, like Rome of old, has two consuls, one for war and one for peace. He characterized the position of the Border Ruffians towards Charles Robinson and himself by saying, "The Missourians hate Jim Lane as they hate the devil; Charles Robinson they hate"—and he paused to think of something that the Missourians hated worse than the devil, and said—"Charles Robinson they hate as they hate virtue"; and everybody agreed that it was the best description of the men ever given. The Missourians of Washington, the Missourians of the South, have the same twin hostility, and it is equally well deserved. They know whom they have to fear.

Mr. Chairman, I begun by saying that I never had accepted the opinion which prevails upon this platform of the character of the Constitution. A few words only upon that. I never have held, and I hope I never shall hold, that the Constitution or anything else is to be interpreted in a pro-slavery manner if you can possibly find any other sense in it. I never have held, and I trust I never shall hold, that it is to be interpreted by what its framers meant to put in it, but only, like all other legal instruments, by what they succeeded in getting into it. Some regard it as strongly pro-slavery, and others as strongly anti-slavery, and others as Talleyrand regarded the French Constitution, when he said it meant nothing and never would mean anything, because he made it himself on purpose (laughter). I think that hits the nail upon the head. There is one rule in the interpretation of documents where liberty is concerned, and that is to put in liberty wherever there is a loophole to cram it in by. The authority best adapted to our purpose, so far as I know, is the very memorable decision rendered in the case where Shylock was the plaintiff, Portia the judge, and William Shakspeare the reporter of the court. If there be in that Constitution any particular left, if there be an ounce of flesh or a drop of blood, if there be the drachm of a scruple or a scruple itself, where you can force an anti-slavery meaning into it, you have a right to put that meaning in, and every honest man will justify you in the effort. The mightiest intellect and the profoundest moral sense, for such a purpose as that, may narrow itself down to microscopic investigation. It may pass through as delicate a fissure as that which held Ariel in the cloven pine, if by so doing it can transform one slave into a freeman.

It is only a question of will, whether it shall be done or not. No instrument, framed as the Constitution was, is without the opportunities which that gives. I do not care where the loophole is found; there may be one in the word "law;" there may be another in the word "due." I do not care how small it is; give us a Supreme Court that is favourable to liberty, and the Constitution is an anti-slavery document to-morrow, (applause). It is not a question of the meaning of words as yet. I do not know any question that this nation can discuss so utterly unimportant for all human purposes as the question of the meaning of the Constitution of the United States. It is a dead letter. It is a piece of parchment riddled through and through. Where is the man that obeys it? Where is the Southerner that obeys it? Where is the Northern Republican who means to obey it if the fugitive slave takes refuge in his house? Nobody means to obey it. I see no difference of practical importance between Wendell Phillips and Gerrit Smith. One thinks the Constitution is pro-slavery, the other thinks the *existing interpretation* of the Constitution is pro-slavery. Each of them admits that it will cost a revolution to get either the Constitution or its interpretation set aside. Both of them believe in carrying that revolution to the point of the bayonet if necessary. Where is the difference as a question of fact? Nothing. All the intellect, all the genius, all the learning ever expended upon the point of Constitutional Interpretation, are not worth, in the practical solution of the slavery question, a millionth part so much as the poorest shot that ever a fugitive slave fired at his master, not worth the thrust of the dagger that made Margaret Garner's child a free being in heaven instead of a slave upon earth. The one is a word; the other is a fact. The one is a theory; the other is one of those stern realities that revolutionize nations, and upon which Constitutions only wait.

The question of slavery is a stern and practical one. Give us the power and we can make a new Constitution, or we can reinterpret the old one. How is that power to be obtained? By politics? Never. By revolution, and by that alone. There is the issue, Mr. Chairman. That is what makes men Disunionists, Constitution or no Constitution. It is a question of fact. I cannot bear to waste time in debating the Constitution, because I see that whilst the Constitution is being talked about, there is a crack in the nation that is growing wider, and wider, and wider apart. When I look at this fact, I do not care for the theory. We talk about a Constitution and a nation; we are not a nation; we are two nations, whom this frail paper bond has vainly tried to weld together into one. We are diverging more and more every day. Everything separates us. Birth, tradition, laws, education, social habits, institutions—everything separates us, nothing brings us nearer together. The reason why Free State men and Slave State men hate each other in Kansas is because all the institutions of their respective nations have been for years training them to hate each other. When they come face to face, it is only the old hostility breaking out again. It is not only the difference in birth, although still the Puritan stock remains upon the one side and the Carolina stock still upon the other. It is not that in Kansas you see on the one side the traces of the Puritan, only softened and improved, and upon the other the traces of the Carolinas, only degraded and deteriorated; it is not that even now in Kansas as during the English civil wars, you may know one side from the other because the one side wears long hair and the other does not; because when you meet a party there with long hair you may know they are Missourians, and when you meet a party with short hair you may know that they are Round-heads, Puritans, Yankees; it is not that alone, strange though that coincidence is after the lapse of centuries; but it is because something stronger than parties is separating them.

Slaveholders and Freemen are always two nations. There is no power or force that can unite them. There are no two nations in Europe so absolutely antagonistic as the free State and the slave State men of this Union. All that any town in Massachusetts or New York asserts by its institutions, every settlement in South Carolina, every plantation in Virginia denies. How are you to unite these two antagonisms? By a Union and a Constitution? Read Olmstead's admirable book on Texas, and you will find that the young New Yorker, travelling among the American settlements of Texas, felt himself a stranger, with native citizens about him; but coming into a German settlement he felt himself among kindred and friends. Germany, far-off, dreamy, visionary, poetical Germany, was nearer in national sympathy to the young New Yorker than the Texans and the Mississippians who called themselves his brothers. I knew a young man born in South Carolina and educated in Massachusetts. He travelled abroad and visited half the nations of Europe. When he came back, he entered, for the first time in eight years, his own birth-place in Charleston, S. C., and he told me that he had not at Vienna, or Rome, or Paris, the sense of strangeness that he had there. He was a foreigner in his birth-place, because his birth-place was South Carolina and Massachusetts trained him. Tell me, if you can, in the history of the world, of a nation with such antagonisms as that within its bosom which has permanently held together.

It is not a question of this or that measure. It is a question of permanent, absolute, irreconcilable distinctions, growing with the growth of the people, showing themselves more and more every year, and every year slavery is more truly slavery, and freedom is more truly freedom. I ask nothing more than the evidence I see with my own eyes of that antagonism, to show me that politicians dream in vain of permanently keeping the Union together. But why should the Union be kept together? What are the objects, the arguments, the advantages? I see the weakness of this Union the moment any man undertakes to defend it, because I see the poverty of the arguments he uses. He asks how you are going to dissolve the Union, not seeing that it dissolves itself. Every time a blow is struck in Kansas or in Washington, it splits further apart.

They ask whether you are not deserting the slave by dissolving the Union. The best anti-slavery lecturer I know of upon that point is one Thomas H. Benton, of St. Louis, Mo. If he does not satisfy the people of the Northern States that it is best for them to dissolve the Union, I do not know who will. He [illegible] Worcester [illegible] after we had the Disunion Convention [illegible] had taken [illegible] the Convention. The argument had been [illegible] with some [illegible] and hasty persons, that if the Union were dissolved [illegible] would be a desertion of the slave, and a baseness unworthy of us. Sir, Mr. Benton settled all that in about five minutes, before one of the largest audiences ever collected in Worcester; and he settled it by the very argument by which he undertook to produce a different result. He stood before the people of that city and tried to startle them by the consequences that would flow from a separation between these States. Said he, his eyes opening wide and his face growing longer and longer, "If you dissolve this Union, friends and fellow-citizens, twenty slaves will run away where one does now," and a general chuckle of satisfaction ran through the audience. Thinking himself misunderstood, and wishing to deepen the impression he said, "If you dissolve the Union, you will bring Canada practically down to the line of Maryland and Virginia," and the house shook with applause when he looked for sorrow and mourning.

"She went to the undertaker's to buy him a coffin,
And when she got back, the poor dog was laughing."

Everybody agreed that if we had driven the nail of Disunion, he had clinched it. How idle is it for us, standing here at the North—and I use now the argument familiar to the religious press—to suppose that we can be better acquainted with the subject of slavery than Thomas H. Benton.

All the arguments have the same weakness. The real opposition to disunion is a vague, an indeterminate opposition. People shrink from dissolving the Union because they do not know what the result will be. They see the danger now; they shrink from incurring that which they do not understand. They are about on a level with the old stage coach driver in England, who had his private opinion of the superiority of stages to rail-cars, "There are as many accidents, people being upset, in proportion to the travel, upon the stages as upon the railroads," it was said to him. "Yes," said the old Weller, "but that is not the thing; don't you see the difference; if you are upset in a stage coach and find yourself flying over a hedge somewhere, there you are; but if the train runs off the track, and smashes to atoms, *where are you?*" That is about as much idea as most persons have of the effect of dissolving the Union. It is a vague impression, a dim apprehension, and we would rather suffer the actual dangers we have than "fly to others we know not of."

Others, sheltering themselves behind the same uncertainty, and the same *laissez faire* doctrine, suppose that as the Union has stood a great while, it will stand a great while longer. No notice has been given, no trumpet sounded; and the Union which has stood a great many shocks will stand a great many more. These men do not know that a revolution is always half finished before the majority of the community have found out that it is begun. They do not know that it is not the conscious action of the people, but their unconscious action that determines the course of events. It was after the battle of Bunker Hill that Congress met and deliberately voted that they had not taken up arms with the vain and impious purpose of separating themselves from the mother country; and then they went on and separated. That is the way we are doing. We pledge ourselves against Disunion, and still, after all, every earnest anti-slavery man, calling himself Republican, Union-saver, or what you please, keeps in the corner of his heart a little willingness, like Mr. Banks down in Maine, in a certain contingency, to "let the Union slide." No matter whether he is even willing to "let the Union slide" or not, he keeps in one corner of his heart a place for a disunion argument, just as our friends of *The Tribune* are willing that "J. S. P.," of Washington, should have his little column to preach a little of the leaven of disunion, although the editors have not got to it yet. In our more earnest moments, when a fugitive slave case is before us, or when Charles Sumner is struck down, when a new tragedy takes place in Kansas, we are all disunionists. When sober reflection comes, many a man who thinks himself so, finds that he is not quite ready for that yet. He finds that, after all, the danger is not so imminent as he supposed, and he says—"Go along with your old ark; I guess it won't be so much of a shower after all" (laughter). It is like the good ferryman out West of whom I heard the other day. He had taken a great many across in his old canoe, and he wanted mightily to cross once more when he had a profitable job to do. "You would better not go," said they. "Yes," said he, "I am going." "You would better not go; you will be drowned." "Never was drowned in my life," said the man, as he went into his boat; and he lost the chance to say that again. It is so with every revolution in the world. Just as some leader of the people has the words upon his lips, "There is to be no revolution," he turns round and finds himself in the midst of it.

We are in the midst of a revolution. The anti-slavery movement is not a reform: it is a revolution. It is a revolution when Garrison defies the United States Government in Boston outside of the Constitution; or when Gerrit Smith in New York defies it in his way. So long as the Jerrys are rescued, it is of no consequence whether they are rescued with law or without law; it is equally revolution.

"Treason never prospers; what's the reason?
Why, when it prospers none dare call it treason."

Let the radical anti-slavery men come to the epoch of success, and the Henry Wilsons will again cease to talk about hanging Disunionists and will come back to their old opinion of the patriotism of the Garrisons.

In the meantime, there are two things especially to be done by Abolitionists in the States where they live. It often happens in the progress of institutions, Mr. Chairman, that the very thing which at one period is a bulwark for freedom, becomes, at a later period, and upon further experience, a check and a hindrance to it. There are two institutions in our free States now, founded with the noblest of purposes, sustained with the bravest energies, but both of them grow antagonistic to freedom, by the progress of things, both destined, I trust, to be abolished.

The first of these institutions, once noble, now outgrown and objectionable, is the Underground Railroad to Canada. God grant that we may see an end to that pretty soon. The Underground Railroad, as I have believed for years, I believe more and more every day, is demoralizing the conscience of our people, accustoming them to think that all their duty to freedom consists, not in making their own soil free, but in pointing the way to some other soil that is free. I want, and you want, if there is any manhood or womanhood in you, to live upon free earth; but the soil which we tread is not free, if, when a man comes to your door and asks your protection in the dusk of the evening, all you can do for him is to say, there is a dollar, and that railroad leads to Canada. That is not freedom. It is not freedom so long as there is any difference between Canada and Broadway to a single human being who has a right to tread God's earth a freeman (applause). To establish freedom anywhere, begin by establishing it where you stand. If you cannot make free the soil upon which your own feet tread, it may be a necessary evil to recognise some freer soil anywhere else; but it is a disgrace to you so long as the fact remains. It is ignoble; it is dishonourable; it is worse than that, because it is demoralizing. The Underground Railroad makes cowards of us all. It makes us think and hesitate and look over our shoulders, and listen, and wonder, and not dare to tell the truth to the man who stands by our side. It may be a necessary evil, but an evil it is. I do not know how it is elsewhere, but I can say that in the city where I live, there has been from year to year a deepening conviction that it is degrading to let any man go out of the city because he came into it upon the Southern track. It is degrading, dishonourable, demoralizing.

There came there some time ago, a black man of herculean proportions, who had earned his right to freedom by brave labours. That man had gone from city to city in the free States, seeking for rest and finding none; because, though he was willing to stay and run the risk himself, the best advice he could get at any of these places was, to push a little further along. He came to Worcester at last. We looked at the man and took the measure of him. Such sinews I never saw. That man could take a barrel of flour in his arms, lift it easily, and hold it out at arm's length. We looked at those arms, and we said to him, "Those arms are better arguments for staying than your legs are for going (laughter and applause), so stay where you are." He stayed. In order that there might be no uncertainty as to the fact that he was there, some of us took pains to allude to it in the Boston papers, for the benefit of any United States official who might feel disposed to come there and make a call upon him; but there is something in the air of Worcester a little prejudicial to the health of that class of officers and none of them ever came. I thank God that many have done the same thing since. He was not the first, nor is the latest one, I trust, the last. I hope that the time will come in Massachusetts, if nowhere else, when we can call [illegible] have within her borders to meet in Convention [illegible] own proper name, and hold deliberation [illegible]; yes, to advertise the Convention in [illegible] slavery issues of the widest circulation, in the [illegible]rk papers, in its well-named *Journal of Commerce*, and the ill-named *Journal of Civilization*, to advertise in them all; and, Mr. Chairman, in the name of the citizens of Worcester, I demand that that Convention shall be held in our City Hall (applause).

So far, so good. There is something else to be abolished besides the Underground Railroad, and that is Personal Liberty Bills, as we pass them now. I do not know a Personal Liberty bill in any State in this Union, that is not, as it stands, a refuge for cowards; because they all provide, every one of them, that if the slave slips through the defences they offer him, he is a slave and must be sent Southward as such. Mr. Chairman, I do not want to see the fugitive slaves that come into Massachusetts protected only at the cost of perjury on the jury trial. I do not want to see any jury trial for fugitive slaves. Slavery and juries are two things irreconcilable. They have nothing in common. If a man is to be sent back as a slave, I would rather have only one man's conscience darkened by the guilt of it, though it be dark as Loring's, than have twelve men in the community put into the dilemma either of perjuring themselves upon their oath to try the case according to the law and the evidence, or of sending the man back into slavery. I do not want to see Personal Liberty bills based upon any narrower ground than the absolute right of every man to freedom, law or no law, slavery or no slavery, Constitution or no Constitution (applause). There is working up, I rejoice to say, in Massachusetts, in New York, in Wisconsin, a protest against these laws. The only true law is the law which makes the difference between the criminal and the slave, not in favour of the criminal but in favour of the slave. What we want to see is a law which makes escape from slavery not the proof of crime, but the crowning fact of virtue. I want a law in the spirit of the old Quaker who was sheltering a coloured man under the Fugitive Slave law, but not knowing that he was a fugitive slave. His neighbours were frightened at last, and came and remonstrated with him. "Why," said they, "that man has broken the law." "Oh," said the Quaker, "I think not, he seems a good man." "But," said they, "if you did but know it, he is actually a thief." "Oh, no," said the Quaker, "I cannot believe that, he seems such a good man." "Why, yes he is," said they, "he is a fugitive slave, he has stolen himself from his master." "Well," said the Quaker, "it seems that he is a better man than I thought he was." I want such a law as that. The key-note is struck, I rejoice to say, in the State in which we stand now. I must go back, Mr. Phillips must go back, and tell Massachusetts to look to her laurels. We have not even had proposed in the Massachusetts Legislature any point so high and so honourable as the resolution proposed, but not passed yet,* in New York:

"Resolved, That this State will not allow slavery within her borders, in any form, under any pretence, for any time, however short" (great applause).

There is a Personal Liberty bill, indeed. Give a man such a State as that to live in, and the soil he treads upon, though part of a Republic, is as free as if he were ruled by a Queen. It is as free as Canada itself. God speed the time when the Littlejohns of New York shall be the great men of the State. Speaker Littlejohn, like his namesake in old English times, may be an outlaw temporarily. No matter; his arrow has cleft the wound, and he has Gerrit Smith for his Robin Hood, and—shall I say it—Henry Ward Beecher for his Friar Tuck (laughter and applause).

Mr. GARRISON—Our friend Mr. Higginson has simply done justice to the American Anti-Slavery Society in regard to the freedom and catholicity of its platform and its action. I wish simply to say that, in reference to the Constitution, he has made a verbal mistake which might seem to require correction on the spot. He refers to *our* interpretation of the Constitution. Not *our* interpretation, for that would make it very limited, would make it simply the interpretation of the American Anti-Slavery Society as an organization; but the interpretation of the nation ever since the adoption of the Constitution, in regard to slaveholding clauses about which people here never disputed, and in regard to which the people have shown the most entire unanimity of feeling; the interpretation of Washington, and Adams, and Jefferson, and Marshall and Franklin, and Jay, and Hamilton, and Ames, and all those who grew up with the Constitution, and so not the interpretation of the American Anti-Slavery Society, but the interpretation of the nation itself. If any man, chooses singly to outface the nation, and say it does not know what the Constitution is, we leave it for that man to settle it with the nation and the nation to settle it with him; and if it be like the parchment drawn up by Talleyrand, and means nothing, it shows good reason why we should have a parchment which means something, declaring that every man is created by God for freedom, and not slavery.

* This is a mistake. The resolution was adopted by the New York Legislature.

Mr. HIGGINSON—I beg leave to state that the reason why I spoke of that opinion as the opinion of Mr. Garrison and Mr. Phillips and not as the opinion of the American people and of the Supreme Court, was simply because I wished to present that opinion in a respectable point of view (laughter); I wished to give the very highest authority I knew for it. It is a fact of no great importance, in my estimation, what the opinion of the Supreme Court is, but when I find that Mr. Garrison and Mr. Phillips entertain that opinion I think it a fact of some importance (laughter).

Mr. GARRISON—I think the nation knows what it says, and understands what it says.

Mr. HIGGINSON—You don't think it understands anything else, Mr. Chairman.

Mr GARRISON then introduced Parker Pillsbury, after reading, at the request of Mr. Pillsbury, the last resolution of the series.

SPEECH OF MR. PILLSBURY.

I shall not consume much of the time of the audience, and probably cannot do the anti-slavery cause any better service than to append to the resolution which has just been read, two or three resolutions which I have just drawn, to elaborate somewhat the sentiment of that resolution. They may be considered as part of my remarks, or they may be regarded as additional to the series of resolutions before the Society, just as the meeting think proper.

12. Resolved, That in the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the American Bible and Tract Societies, the Methodist General Conferences, Baptist Unions and Presbyterian General Assemblies, we have full and fair exponents and representatives of the religion of the country.

13. Resolved, That as all these bodies are composed of denominations claiming the prerogative of making terms of communion and church fellowship, and as not one of them has ever included slaveholding among those conditions, even while, in some instances, expelling members for differences upon modes of baptism, it becomes necessary, in fidelity to the Anti-Slavery cause, to declare *that no person who intelligently supports any of these organizations, or the Churches composing them, either by countenance or contribution, is worthy to be regarded as a Christian or an Abolitionist.*

14. Resolved, That we shall hail the day with hope and joy, when all these associations, so long the shield of the tyrant and the scourge of the slave, shall pass away, as have many others like them in former ages, and thus leave a more open entrance for the coming of the Kingdom of Peace and Purity, of Love and Liberty, in this as well as in other lands.

I was once in the presence of some gentlemen, and one was introducing to his friends a stranger, and he introduced him, calling him by name, as one who, he said, always had the *mis*fortune when he spoke of being understood. It strikes me that the grand difficulty in our time is, that though we have very much excellent speaking very little of it is understood. I admire very much the resolutions read by the President, but when they were read one after another, I felt afraid that in nearly every one of them there was some loophole out of which almost the entire community would be creeping. We have the American Board of Commissioners, we have the American Bible Society, we have the Methodist General Conferences, and I do not know how many other associations, and by some means the great mass of the people supporting those organizations in the Northern States, fancy themselves and those organizations as anti-slavery. And if I am not mistaken the fault is partly our own—ours I mean who profess to be the exponents of the anti-slavery gospel to this nation. I wish that I might deserve the appellation and description given by my friend to whom I referred, and that I may always have the same *mis*fortune of being understood, whenever and wherever I speak. What the country needs at this time is speech as well as action, but it should be speech understood, as well as action understood, and action in the right direction.

The great religious bodies to which I refer, all of them profess to be anti-slavery; so do the political parties of our country. The religious bodies have their apostles or representative men, exponents of their doctrine and position; the political parties have theirs. The Democratic party claims to be, here in the North, the friend, in some sense, of the slave, because it professes to believe in the doctrine of universal liberty, and it has, or used to have, a great horror and dread of the more conservative party—the Whig or Federal party as it used to be denominated. But the Democratic party, as every one now believes who understands its true position, especially after the revelations and demonstrations that have been made of it for the last quarter of a century, is to be regarded as one of the bulwarks of the slave system; and if I do not misapprehend its position, if I take its leading men as exponents of it, it rather exceeds in atrocity and in willingness to subserve the interests of slavery even the Supreme Court of the United States itself. Judge Taney's decision was fully interpreted by nearly all of the editors of the Democratic presses of the country running in advance of the doctrines as declared by that decision. Perhaps the decision itself, as intended by the Supreme, Court will cover the whole ground, but the editors are certainly in advance of the decision itself in proclaiming their readiness to abide by it when it shall cover all the ground which it professes to cover, viz. that of not only dehumanizing as well as denationalizing and beastializing the entire African race, but turning them into slaves, and every Northern State into slave territory. Up in New Hampshire where I have the *calamity* to reside (laughter), a near neighbour to Gen. Pierce (renewed laughter), our Democratic editors have already cast up in figures and published to the world how much they are going to make by the rise of real estate in consequence of New Hampshire having become a slave State; and they calculate that our White Mountain valleys are to echo with the slave-driver's lash and that the banks of our beautiful lakes are to be the scenes where slavery is to work out all its terrible realities. And that out of all this, New Hampshire Democracy is to coin dollars and cents as never before. And what is true in New Hampshire is equally true in Boston. The Democratic party, speaking through its journals, outruns the Supreme Court in its devotion to slavery, and I believe the Calvinistic ministers in New England are beginning to prove the doctrine of total depravity now by the position of the Democratic party (laughter); certainly, if they cannot prove it by that, I know not what argument will be sufficient (renewed laughter).

And when we come to the next political party, the Republican—for I believe there is no longer any organized Whig or even Know-Nothing or American party—the same may be said of it as of the Democratic party. Its leaders have misled the people precisely in the same manner that the leaders of the Democratic party have misled them in the late presidential campaign. Not long ago, John P. Hale, in his place in the Senate of the United States, assured the Slave Power that they had made a mistake in the election of James Buchanan; he said, The Democratic party who have elected him will sell you out when it comes to be for their interest to do so; but if you had elected John C. Fremont, the candidate and champion of the Free Soil party and of the party of State rights, your peculiar institution would have been secure. Now, I have travelled somewhat extensively in New England and in the West, and I have found that in nine cases out of ten, the supporters of John C. Fremont and of the Republican cause in the last presidential election professed to believe that the view of their candidate and of their party in regard to the Constitution of the United States, was precisely like that laid down just now by our friend from Massachusetts, Mr. Higginson, and the same as that maintained by Gerrit Smith. And I believe it is not too much to say, that the Democrats of the North were inveigled into the support of James Buchanan by the cry of "Buchanan and free Kansas." I am sure I was in Philadelphia on the day of the State election last Autumn and that was the cry there then, and I know it was the cry wherever I went in the West among the Democracy; and in that way, undoubtedly, the vote of Pennsylvania was secured to Buchanan, as well as the vote of every other Northern State that gave him its support. But while the leaders of the Democracy were raising this cry of "Buchanan and free Kansas" what were the leaders of the Republican party crying? I stand here and affirm that they were all deceivers together, and that one was as much a deceiver as the other, and those who deceived in the name of anti-slavery were most dangerous deceivers of the two. All over this country the great mass of the Republican party, so-called, actually believed that the position of that party was precisely that of Gerrit Smith, and of the "Radical Abolitionists" as they term themselves in the central portion of the State of New York. Now one of two things is true. Either those men have misunderstood designedly or they have misunderstood unwittingly, and therefore it is that I hope to belong to a different description of men, a class who shall have the misfortune when they speak of being understood. The Democrats were led into the support of James Buchanan by the cry of "Buchanan and free Kansas," the Republicans were led into the support of John C. Fremont by a cry equally deceptive. Let the Republican party deny it if they can.

But I do not propose to speak on the political aspects of the cause. I only wished to illustrate my idea, that there is much false speaking that is not apprehended on the part of the people, and there probably is great obtuseness of conscience or blindness of perception on the part of the great multitude of the American people. I do not doubt, I never did doubt, the honesty and the purity of purpose on the part of a large majority of the members and supporters of the Republican party. I do not doubt, I never have doubted the purity and the piety, in the best sense of the word, of large numbers of the members of the American Church. And yet I stand here to affirm that the position of those parties and this Church, as held and defended by the leaders and exponents of those organizations, is an entirely false and wicked pro-slavery position, and in the name of anti-slavery, and in the name of religion, they make themselves the head and the bulwark of the slave system in this country.

I propose to glance for a moment at the position of the American Church. In the Presidential campaign, we have almost, of necessity, lost sight of the Church, and in our zeal in behalf of Kansas we have lost sight of the four millions of slaves, and I have often thought what cold comfort it must be to the four millions of slaves to see our zeal in behalf of "free Kansas," while we turn a deaf ear entirely to their claims and to their cries. And when the great majority of the Churches of the Northern States profess and call themselves anti-slavery, they have deceived the people—I mean, of course, those who have spoken in behalf of the Northern Churches. There is but one really anti-slavery denomination in this land, and that is a denomination so inconsiderable that it is scarcely known. I refer to the little band known as the Old School Scotch Covenanters (applause). I do not forget the action of the Methodist General Conference, but I stand here to affirm that if there is one denomination more than another in this land whose course and whose character are to be deprecated above all others, it is the Methodist denomination (a hiss). That denomination stands before the country in the North professing to be anti-slavery. All over New England, all over the West where I have travelled I have been told that they have separated from the South, and separated on account of slavery. Neither of these positions is true; both those declarations are false, no matter by whom made. They have not separated from the South, they are not free from actual contamination in its guilt. Last year the General Conference of the Northern Methodist Episcopal Church was held in Indianapolis. They began their sessions on the first day of May, and they rose from their deliberations on the first day of June. A good deal of their time was spent on the subject of slavery. Propositions were introduced for discussion and were discussed. Men suppose that it was really an attempt at anti-slavery but it was no such thing; it was an attempt to silence agitation, an attempt to preserve the position, not to increase the purity, of the Church. But what I was going to say is this, in one month from the time when that session had closed in Indianapolis it was proclaimed in New Hampshire, in certain towns where I went, that there was a final triumph at the General Conference and slavery had now no longer an existence in the Methodist Church North. And not three months ago, in your own State of New York not a hundred miles from where we now are, a Methodist minister declared that it was shown in that General Conference, at which he was a delegate, that there was but *one single slaveholder in the whole Baltimore Conference.* Now I stand here to affirm that a man who will make a declaration like that before an intelligent audience, is either an insane man and therefore a fit subject for the asylum for lunatics, or else he has schooled himself in the science of lying until he has fairly outrun the great father of falsehood, and I should think would drive him to despair by outdoing him (laughter). Only one slaveholder in the whole Baltimore Conference! And yet since that time that same Conference has had the subject of slavery up for discussion and they have passed this resolution.

"Resolved, by the Baltimore Conference in Conference assembled; That we highly deprecate the agitation of the slavery question which has already resulted to the detriment of the political and religious interests of this country.

"Resolved, That, as heretofore, we will oppose with zeal *any aggressions which shall be attempted by the abolition agitation of the country.*"

And how do you suppose that resolution passed? Do you think there was a tie and that it was only passed by the casting vote of the President, and he that one slaveholder to whom reference was made? Those resolutions were passed by yeas and nays—220 in the affirmative and only 14 in the negative. And now we are called upon to regard the Northern General Conference as an anti-slavery association, an anti-slavery body, with facts like that before our eyes.

And at the last General Conference, one year ago, in Indianapolis, the Bishops issued their address in form, and in that address they declare that they have among their congregations, in slaveholding territory, more than 150,000 coloured people, and more than 8,000 of those coloured people members of their churches. They do not say what proportion of the 8,000 are slaves, but they do say that a *portion of them are slaves.*

And yet, with facts like these before us, we are continually told that the Methodist General Conference North is an entirely anti-slavery body. Why, at that same General Conference a proposition was introduced, by some one more anti-slavery than the rest, that they should change the Discipline in the answer which is made to the question "What shall be done for the extirpation of the evil of slavery?" so as to make it read, "We believe that all men, by nature, have an equal right to freedom, and that no man has a moral right to hold a fellow-being as property; therefore, no slaveholder shall be eligible to membership hereafter where emancipation can be effected without injury to the slave." Now, that is not very extreme anti-slavery; it is not anti-slavery at all; it provides for slaveholding to any extent whatever; and yet the vote was a large one against so amending the Book of Discipline. That body is not ready to adopt that sentiment; it is not ready to adopt the sentiment contained in the Declaration of Independence, and the Methodist Conference to-day is behind, in that matter, the framers of that memorable instrument, in their not adopting into their Constitution the language of a slaveholder, Thomas Jefferson, that all men have an equal right to be free.

Now, I say that it is time that these pretensions and professions should be unmasked. I find in looking at the last edition of the Methodist Book of Discipline that there are five Conferences nearly the whole of whose territory is in slaveholding States. The Bishops have told us that they have 8,000 coloured church members, a portion of whom are slaves. Now, I believe there are multitudes of the members of the Methodist Church that would be anti-slavery both by principle and by practice, as well as by profession. Why are they not? Because they have these deceivers at their head, who blind their eyes to the real facts of the case, and lead them blindfold into the support of an institution which, from the deeps of their souls, they hate. How do you suppose it comes to pass that it is so? I think we ourselves have not told the truth, we have not unmasked this hypocrisy, as we should have done; we have not unmasked it in the political parties as we should have done; we have not unmasked it in the Church as we should have done.

But I will not dwell any longer on the Methodist Church. I had piled this table pretty full of its own documents, its own reports, its own resolutions, and its own declarations on the subject, so that, if any statement of mine were called in question, the evidence should be ready as furnished by authority of the body itself.

I think the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, New School, is another whose members are more deceived than almost any other. And there is one remarkable fact which I have considered a great deal of late, and that is, that among the revivals of religion which have taken place in that body, and its kindred organization, the Congregational Church, during the past Winter for it is a little remarkable that these showers of grace only descend during the Winter (laughter)—among the many revivals of which they boast, and converts which they number, I have never heard from the South one single groan or one single shriek of alarm or apprehension that their institution was being endangered by the up-building of the Churches of the North! I did not expect to hear that there would be any emancipation of slaves by these revivals, because I have too many times heard that slaveholders are fond of revivals among their slaves, inasmuch as "religion" always increases somewhat the value of the slave, and many a plantation's property has been greatly enhanced in its market value, if not in its moral character, by these revivals of American

religion (laughter and applause). But the fact to which I was going to refer is this: that we hear in the South continual apprehensions about the orthodoxy of such ministers as Henry Ward Beecher and Dr. Cheever, and some others whose course in regard to slavery has been unlike that of most of their ecclesiastical brethren; and the Northern ministers have been a great deal exercised in regard to the same. Now, I do not myself think much of Mr. Beecher's anti-slavery. I think he hates slavery bad enough, but I think he hates genuine anti-slavery a little more than he should. Nevertheless, his position is so distinct from that of the great body of the Northern clergy that his clerical brethren are a great deal disturbed about him. The piety and sanctity of the New York *Observer* are greatly shocked by the aberrations of Henry Ward Beecher. Dr. Cheever preached a few discourses last Autumn, in connection with the Presidential canvass, against the extension of slavery, and some of the people thought they might be worth reading, and so solicited their publication. I believe he went through the City of New York, among all the publishers, to find a man who dared append his name to those sermons as publisher. Dr. Cheever had made himself quite conspicuous by the delivery of those three or four discourses. He did publish them; he had to go to some obscure or less popular office and assume the publication of them himself. Well, the ministers all around, as well as the New York *Observer* and New York book publishers, are a great deal disturbed at Mr. Beecher and Dr. Cheever. I believe they have thought seriously of sending Dr. Cheever to the mad-house, and I don't know but they may have to send Mr. Beecher there to take care of him (laughter). But what I was going to say is this: their orthodoxy is called in question, their fidelity to the denomination is called in question, their loyalty to the sect is called in question.

A little while ago, I went into a town in New Hampshire, where there was an orthodox minister. I don't think he is very widely known, so I will not name him here. I rather thought from his appearance that the pedantry and pomposity with which he seemed to abound constituted the greater part of his piety, unless it may be, perhaps, the addition of a little potato starch (laughter). I was talking with him about Henry Ward Beecher, and he drew himself up, elongated his face, and said, "Yes, but we are losing our confidence in Henry Ward Beecher." Said I, "Who are *we?*" "O, we ministers," said he; "we think he is getting entirely over the track." Well, I do not suppose Mr. Beecher will ever feel materially the loss of that man's confidence (laughter). But yet I think it a very significant fact. These two men have made themselves conspicuous, and the Church, the ministry, the New York *Observer*, and even the New York *Evangelist*, think they are a little wide of the mark, that they are a little latitudinarian, and that the sect is likely to suffer by their aberrations. But here is a fact which has not yet at all attracted the notice of the N. Y. *Observer* or Congregational ministry, or any of the great conservators of the ecclesiastical faith: on the other side of the question of slavery, men may take pretty broad ground, and yet not by any means alarm their brethren in the clerical profession, or in the editorial chairs of the religious press.

I have here one of the letters of the Rev. Dr. Ross, of Tennessee, well known as a prominent member of the New School General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, the same who, when that body met year before last in Buffalo, and somebody got a resolution before the Assembly proposing to inquire how many slaveholders there were in the Presbyterian Church and how many slaves there were and what was their condition, moved an amendment proposing to strike out all after the word "inquire" and insert, "how many Northern Abolitionists have wives who attend Woman's Rights Conventions, and wear Bloomer dresses, how many wives of Presbyterians of the North have hen-pecked husbands (laughter), and how many Presbyterians get rich by the manufacture of slave-whips for the use of Simon Legrees." I mention this in order that you may understand the character of the gentleman I am going to introduce to you. He is one of those, I think, who have the misfortune, when they speak, to be understood.

The Rev. Albert Barnes, of Philadelphia, another member of the New School Presbyterian Church, has recently written a book, in which he first beseeches one divinity and then the other, until I believe, both sides claim him; the North claim him as anti-slavery, and the South as pro-slavery. I think his book, with a very little alteration, will answer, like almanacs, for any American meridian (laughter). Dr. Ross has written Mr. Barnes some letters in regard to this book, in which the Dr. declares that in the discussions in the General Assembly, though the weight of the arguments and most of the feeling may have been on the side of the North, the power and practice of the General Assembly are entirely on the side of slavery. In one of these letters he asks Mr. Barnes several questions, and then goes on to state several propositions, one or two of which I will read.

"God has thus given to the Southern planter an absolute monopoly—a monopoly so great that he, the Southern planter, sits now upon his throne of cotton, and wields the commercial sceptre of the world. Yes, it is the Southern planter who says, to-day, to haughty England, go to war, if you dare! Yes, he who sits on the throne of the cotton-bag has triumphed at last over him who sits on the throne of the wool-sack. England is prostrate at his feet, as well as the Abolitionists.

"God has permitted the anti-slavery men of the North, in England, in France, and everywhere, so to blind themselves in hypocrisy as to give the Southern slaveholder his last perfect triumph over them. For God tells the planter to say to the North, to England, to France, to all who buy cotton: 'Ye men of Boston, New York, London, Paris—ye hypocrites—ye brand me as a pirate, a kidnapper, a murderer, a demon, fit only for hell—and yet, ye buy my blood-stained cotton. O! ye hypocrites. Ye Boston hypocrites—why don't you throw the cotton in the sea, as you there did the tea? Ye Boston hypocrites—ye say *if we had been in the days of our fathers, we would not have been partakers with them in the blood of the slave trade?*' Ye hypocrites—ye New England hypocrites—ye Old England hypocrites—ye French hypocrites—ye Uncle Tom's Cabin hypocrites—ye Beecher hypocrites—ye Rhode Island Consociation hypocrites. O! your holy twaddle stinks in the nostrils of God, and he commands me to lash you with my scorn, and his scorn, so long as ye gabble about the sin of slavery, and then bow down to me, and buy, and spin cotton—and thus work for me as truly as my slaves. O! ye fools and blind—fill ye up the measure of your folly and blindness, and shame." [Laughter and applause.]

Now the piety of the New York *Observer* has been shocked at the aberrations of Mr. Beecher and Dr. Cheever, but have any cold chills gone over its iron frame at reading such language as that? Have you ever thought of it, that while all these so-called anti-slavery denominations of the North have been expressing their strongest disapproval of the language of their most violent anti-slavery men, not one of them has borne any testimony against such outrageous language as that? Now I judge men not by one phrase or resolution, or one series of resolutions, but by a long course of action, and I find this fact standing out in bold relief, that, with all the anti-slavery pretension and profession of these religious bodies, it is the Beechers and the Cheevers that cause the alarm and not the Dr. Rosses, who come up from the South (applause).

Dr. McLane, of Mississippi, another prominent member of the New School General Assembly, at Buffalo, year before last, said, "If you ask me how many members of my Church hold slaves, I answer, as many of them as are able to hold slaves. If you ask me how many slaves they hold, I answer, as many as they find convenient or profitable." Now that does not cause any apprehension or alarm on the part of the Northern members of the body, nor has it led to any threats of sending such men to the insane asylum.

It is from such facts as these that I elicit my conclusions that the mass of the people of the North who profess to be anti-slavery are deceived, at least in their position, and that the men who represent them, either in the Republican party or in these great denominations are, either knowingly deceivers, liars, hypocrites, or else they are themselves deceived; and the reason why we have such indifference, such apathy and such obtuseness, is owing to the fact that there are so few men who, when they speak, have the misfortune to be understood.

I did not propose to occupy much of the time; I cannot occupy much in a room so large as this; but I am very glad of an opportunity now again, after seven years' absence from the City of New York, of once more making my voice heard within it. The last time I was in your city was at an anniversary in 1850, when we were honoured with a mob, headed by the illustrious Capt. Rynders, backed up at least by the consent of the Mayor of the city. I fancy some change has come over the spirit of your dream in this city since then (applause), and that although Isaiah Rynders is now a Marshal of the United States, and announces himself ready to catch runaway slaves, he would much rather catch an American slaver who may be making her way out of the harbor of New York (applause). I tell you, friends, that God himself authorizes us to believe that publicans and harlots are nearer the kingdom of Heaven than many of the professed friends and ministers of religion (applause), and I think there is more to hope from such men as Rynders than from the editors of the New York *Observer* and men of kindred sentiment (applause).

Robert Purvis followed Mr. Pillsbury in an exceedingly pertinent, earnest and forcible address. Wendell Phillips made the concluding speech, and we only echo the general opinion of his friends when we say that his utterance was never more eloquent, powerful, or effective. Want of room compels us to break off our report at this point. We shall resume it, of course, next week. In regard to the subsequent meetings (on Tuesday evening and Wednesday morning and afternoon) we can only say now that they were numerously attended and deeply interesting. We may safely affirm that the American Anti-Slavery Society never held a more successful Anniversary than that of the present year.

CREEDS UP—HUMANITY DOWN.

The Boston *Christian Freeman* (Universalist) took occasion lately to inform the world that it could not fraternize, ecclesiastically and religiously, with those who do not hold a certain *theory* of Christ's office, power and rank. It is of no avail that they have the *spirit* of Christ in active exercise, if their *creed* don't happen to quadrate with the *Freeman's* standard. They may do the very things that Christ required and live for the same end that He did, but if they don't cry "Lord, Lord," in Mr. Cobb's way, they must not expect to be called *Christians* by him. This doctrine was lately set forth and applied in a review of a sermon preached by the Rev. A. D. Mayo, of Albany, an eminent Universalist clergyman, whose Christian character, if tested by Christ's own rule, "By their fruits ye shall know them," would not suffer, probably, in comparison with that of the editor of the *Freeman*, or of any other man holding his sentiments. The sermon in question was that upon "Theology in America," a notice of which lately appeared in these columns.

The *Freeman*, however, while thus careful to "strain out a gnat" of theological heresy, finds no difficulty in swallowing, hump and all, a whole "camel" of pro-slavery theory and practice; and that, too, in spite of its own strong anti-slavery professions! Mr. Mayo, an anti-slavery man, eminent for the practical fruits of piety, is not entitled to the name of a Christian teacher, because he rejects a certain *theory* of Christ's relations to men; but the Rev. Theodore Clapp, who vindicates slavery from the Bible, and who, in a ministry of many years in a city where human beings are constantly sold in the market like pigs and calves, never once lifted up his voice in rebuke of such wickedness, but prostituted the name and authority of Christ to sanction and support it, is treated as an eminent saint and a pattern teacher of Christianity! If a man will only put *up* the creed, he may put Humanity *down* even to the level of chattelhood, without forfeiting his Christian standing; but if he puts *Humanity* up and the *creed* down, he needn't expect Mr. Cobb to call him anything else than a heretic. The *Freeman* has, on more than one occasion, within the last few years, endorsed the Christian character of Mr. Clapp, ignoring entirely his pro-slavery sentiments and conduct, and now it is not ashamed to felicitate itself that in impeaching the Christian standing of Mr. Mayo, it has won the applause of "a wolf in sheep's clothing." Here is the "reward of merit" which it received at the hands of the man who, a few years since, blasphemed the name of God by pronouncing him "A DEALER IN SLAVES!"

Louisville, Ky., April 19, 1857.

Br. Cobb: I am much pleased with the editorial in the *Freeman* of last week in relation to Mr. Mayo's sermon, entitled "Theology in America." Be pleased to send me the sermon referred to in a note, on the question of *Christianity without the Christ of the New Testament.* Heaven be praised that you are ever ready and able, to repel error in whatever form it may attempt to assail the glorious gospel of Christ. Nothing which I have read, of late years, has been more instructive or interesting to me, than the criticisms on the publications of the day, which have appeared from time to time in your valuable paper. They are not only just, but withal breathe a noble, enlarged and catholic spirit. My health, I think, is gradually improving. Please remember me most affectionately to Mrs. Cobb.

With kindest regards, I remain, yours in hope of immortality.
T. Clapp.

Pecksniff himself couldn't beat this. How potent is Cant! But how intensely disgusting is this unctuous monthing of sacred phrases, this affectation of concern for "the glorious gospel of Christ" and the "Christianity of the New Testament" on the part of one who regards with complacency the enslavement of millions of God's children, for whose salvation Jesus lived and died!

INTOLERANCE IN VIRGINIA.

Recently the Rev. Silas Totten, a Professor in William and Mary College, Va., wrote a letter to a friend in New York, to defend Virginia from Northern disparagement of her resources and credit. He took occasion to say, however, that *The South* newspaper at Richmond did not fairly represent the sentiment of sober and reflecting people in that State in relation to Eli Thayer's project of colonization. The State, he said was in want of more "free white labour"; and although the colonization scheme would not do for the East, "it might do well enough in the West." He discredited the reports which represent Virginia and the South generally to be in constant fear of a servile insurrection, and said that the excitement on that subject last Fall was mostly manufactured by the newspapers. The letter, in its whole spirit and purpose, was so decidedly *Southern* that the writer instinctively refrained from sending it to the *Evening Post* from a conviction that that paper would refuse to publish it. The friend, however, to whom it was addressed, sent it to the *Post*, which promptly published it with editorial comments. The spirit which this harmless pro-slavery letter roused among the more zealous of slavery's champions in Virginia is revealed in the objurgatory comments of *The South* and in the following letter:

Williamsburg (Va.), April 30, 1857.

To the Editor of "The South."

Having seen in your last issue a request that some friend would inform you if the Reverend Silas Totten was not, as you surmised, a native-born Yankee, I will give the desired information. He is not only the native of a free State, but from a locality well-known for its Abolition proclivities, viz., *Scoharie* County, in the State of New York, and born of parents originally from as far "down East" as the "*Nutmeg*"-*producing* State of Connecticut. He has only resided in the State of Virginia for some five or six years—having, up to that time, through a somewhat lengthy existence, breathed only the foul air of *abolition Scoharie.*

The case of the Rev. Dr. Silas Totten is only another "confirmation strong" that how far soever the genuine Yankee Abolitionist may be transplanted from the influences which surrounded his youth and manhood, his impressions and sentiments will remain, however great the *apparent* alterations. There are those, and by no means a minority of our people, who have long been satisfied of the mischievous nature of his views on the slavery question; but now since he has himself exposed them in his correspondence with the North, it becomes a question of grave importance with the Visitors of William and Mary College, all natives of Virginia, if such a character shall be retained in its Faculty. Verily, if they see fit to disregard this timely warning, which he himself has given, then "*Illium fuit et ingens gloria Teucri*" will be inscribed above the portals of this institution, already going to decay. Southern parents will never support it with Dr. Totten in its Faculty—whilst they may, in preference, select the University of Virginia, and a host of others, sound on this vital question. It may be too late to arrest and stay the manifest decline of old William and Mary, if this Reverend Gentleman is allowed to continue his attempts, in our midst, to change the nature of our Ethiop population—a task more difficult than to alter their skins.

That the Visitors of William and Mary should take some immediate action in this matter is the sincere belief of a Former Student.

WAXING STRONGER.

We gave an account, recently, of a discussion of the slavery question in the New York East Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, remarking at the same time upon the evidence it afforded of a great change in the feelings of the members since the time when, at the dictation of the Central Power of the Book Room, every Abolitionist in the ministry was compelled to choose between silence and expulsion. A member of the Conference, writing to the *Northern Independent*, makes the following observations:

"Dr. Floy opened the discussion, and Bro. R. M. Hatfield, of Forsyth street, New York, led off in true abolition orthodoxy, sweeping all before him, showing up the horrid character of slavery, and scouting the idea of its constitutional existence in the Church. He was followed by others who called slavery a damnable heresy in morals, and *told the Bishop that, wherever they were to be placed, they would preach against slavery.* This onslaught upon the 'delicate question' straightened up a great many weaker ones. It is impossible to give you an idea of the effect of these speeches, and the animus which pervaded the whole church, galleries and all; from hearty "amens," "bless the Lord," there were stamping and clapping of hands. The chair reminded the spectators that they were not in a theatre, but it was immediately complained that the preachers themselves were as much in fault or more than the spectators. The opposition was remarkably weak; strong men in a wrong cause are always weak. Successful opposition to real anti-slaveryism or abolitionism in our Conference is down, without even the hope of a resurrection. We have made the distinction between anti-slavery A. and anti-slavery B.—between anti-slavery actual, and anti-slavery bogus. In all the speeches there were not one of those apologetic prefaces of former days, 'I am not an Abolitionist,' but every speaker in the opposition was sure to avow that 'he was not pro-slavery.' What an advance since the Green street Conference of 1838! Bless the Lord.

"That we might strengthen each other in well-doing, we have formed ourselves in this Conference into an Anti-Slavery Society, 'the object of which is to carry out the entire extirpation of slavery, as contemplated in our discipline.' I quote from memory, as the book having the original is passing around for signatures. This is the platform: 'We, the undersigned, believing in the essential wickedness of slavery, that the holding and using of a human being as a slave is a sin against God, do thus associate,' &c. While I write, to this abolition orthodoxy we have procured already 53 signatures among the preachers of this Conference, some say a majority of voting members. All the mystifications of 'circumstances' are thrown overboard. 'Slavery is essentially wicked'—holding a slave is pronounced to be a sin against God—this is Methodist orthodoxy—this hath pith and power in it—anything short of this is futile and deceptive. The only doctrine which will ever peaceably prostrate the giant sin of slavery is that which takes hold on heaven and hell, which shows to the slaveholder, and to our extended communion, that it is essentially sinful—consequently that it must be abandoned."

PHILADELPHIA INSTITUTE FOR COLOURED YOUTH.

The following notice of this institution we copy from the Philadelphia *Daily Times* of the 8th inst.

"The fifth annual examination of this thriving and valuable institution took place yesterday, and was quite largely attended by our citizens. The students, during the day, were put to the test, and passed, with credit to themselves, in a manner that would have reflected honour upon those of another hue, a thorough scrutiny in the mathematics—geometry, astronomy, the higher and more abstruse parts of algebra, and even in the fluxionary calculus—as well as in Latin, and in English composition, and various other branches. The diploma, bearing the seal of the institute, was presented to one young man, Jacob C. White, Jr., who had completed the required course, by Joshua L. Bailey on behalf of the Board of Trustees. The rhetorical exercises of the evening were attended by a densely crowded auditory, who seemed highly delighted and pleased. After these were had, Mr. Charles L. Remond, of Massachusetts, a coloured orator of some distinction, took the stand, and spoke most beautifully and much to the delight of the audience. He said he had seen somewhat of the old world as well as the new, but, after what he had just witnessed, he should go home to Massachusetts feeling surer than ever before of the final redemption of his race. He wished to tender his heartfelt gratitude to the trustees of the institute, and to the teachers, for what he conceived they were doing in the great cause nearest his heart. "A better day," said he, "is, I know, about to dawn upon my own outraged and wronged people; and when that day shall have come, let not the coloured race become ingrates to those who have proved themselves our friends in these days of adversity.

"Mr. Remond was followed by Wm. S. Pierce, Esq., who said he saw, in various algebraic and geometric characters and symbols on the blackboards around him, what had been going on during the day. Mr. Pierce said he was a lawyer, and was accustomed to weighing evidence; and he must say, after what he had seen, that the performances of the pupils here were fully equal to those of the pupils of the Central High School of Philadelphia, whose recent examination he had had the pleasure to attend. Mr. P., as one of the audience, said he wished to return his thanks, through the Principal, Mr. E. D. Bassett, to the teachers for what he regarded as a day of intellectual feasting. Mr. Bassett responded on behalf of the teachers, and thanked the audience for their presence and attention, after which the audience slowly dispersed.

"The tuition, text-books, stationery, &c., of this institute are *entirely gratuitous* to the coloured youth of our city or elsewhere, and we submit to our coloured population that if they would 'strike for their freedom,' they can do so in no more effectual way than in availing themselves, to the fullest extent, of the advantages of this and similar institutions."

The Republican Party and Slavery.—The constant disclaimers, on the part of the Republican leaders, of any intention to disturb slavery in the States are beginning to have an effect at the South. The St. Louis *Intelligencer*, referring to the declarations of the Charleston *Mercury* and other journals of its class as to the effects likely to follow from the ascendancy of the Republican party, says:

"We do not participate in the forebodings of those papers. We do not believe that any party that ever may get the ascendancy in this Union will be a party to war against the rights of slaveholders. We do not believe that the Republican party will ever inscribe upon its banners any motto that shall be inconsistent with the rights of slavery where it is. If the Republican party should attempt to adopt principles inconsistent with the rights of slaveholders to hold their slaves, it will that instant seal its own destruction. It can never succeed, in the Union, with such principles.

"*The Republican party will be like most other political parties. It may be radical to gain office, but it will unquestionably have to be conservative in office.* Such is the result of the teachings of history in England. Such it will be here.

"If, therefore, Fremont should be elected President in 1864 (John C. Breckinridge will beat Wm. H. Seward in 1860), and Frank Blair should be elected President in 1868, we do not think that slavery in the South will be interfered with. On the contrary, it will be quite as safe as it is now, and far more profitable, and the good 'old Union' will glide on as serenely as if the word 'Free-Soiler' had never been heard in the land."

A Murderer in Office.—The character of Mr. Buchanan's administration, so far as it is connected with Kansas affairs and kindred matters, is seen in the fact that he rewards the basest of criminals with offices of trust and emolument. Take an example. Says the Kansas correspondent of the St. Louis *Democrat*:

"Frederick Emery, recently appointed to an important position in the land office, is now on trial on an indictment for murder! He is also indicted for highway robbery. Yet, notwithstanding the two indictments, 'Mr. Buchanan, the friends of Free Kansas and Sabbath schools,' has seen fit to give him an important and responsible office. On the jury that is to decide the case of Emery are Colonels Paine and Clarkson, postmaster of Leavenworth City, and both under bonds to appear for trial, before the same court, on indictments for murder and robbery, found by the grand jury last Winter. With such men as jurymen, Emery, the murderer of Phillips and Blimmerton, in cold blood, and in such a court, is sure of acquittal.

"Jacob Cody, a member of the Topeka Constitutional Convention, was driven from his home last Summer by Emery's banditti, exposed to the weather for nights and days. He contracted a severe cold, from which he never recovered, but died a few days since, another victim to the murderous spirit of Emery, who would not risk himself in a fair fight with his opponents, but preferred to take men when alone, and murder them in cold blood. And such ruffians has Buchanan selected to fill the Federal appointments for this Territory. This is 'Buchanan and Free Kansas' with a vengeance."

Murderers and robbers are the only fit instruments for carrying into effect the designs of the Administration in Kansas.

American Emigrant Aid and Homestead Company.—The corporators of this company met at the Astor House on the 7th inst. The charter requires that $200,000 should be subscribed before it shall be competent for the stockholders to choose officers. The whole amount was subscribed in less than half an hour. Six hundred shares—sixty thousand dollars—were subscribed by three citizens of Virginia. Fifty more by a native of that State, residing now in New York.

The stockholders immediately proceeded to choose the following Board of Directors: D. R. Martin, Henry H. Elliott, W. W. Girt, Va.; George W. Blunt, Eli Thayer, John C. Underwood, Va.; W. H. Woodbury, James McKay, Enos N. Taft.

The following officers were then chosen by the Board of Directors: Eli Thayer, President; Henry H. Elliott, Vice-President; John C. Underwood, Secretary.

Resolutions highly complimentary to Mr. Thayer for his services in developing the modern system of organized emigration, were also unanimously adopted by the Board, after which they adjourned to meet again at the call of the Secretary.

Representative Women.—Wm. C. Nell, 21 Cornhill, Boston, has published in a group the portraits of Lucretia Mott, L. Maria Child, Abby K. Foster, Maria Weston Chapman, Lucy Stone, and Antoinette L. Brown. The labours of these friends in the cause of Reform in general, and in the anti-slavery enterprise in particular, have endeared them to a large circle of friends and made their names "household words" in thousands of families on both sides of the Atlantic. Mr. Nell, in publishing their likenesses in this artistically arranged group, has performed a service for which he will receive the thanks of the great multitude who revere their names and appreciate their worth. The likenesses are nearly perfect. The print may be obtained at this office for $1 50.

The Mystery Solved.—The body of William A. White, formerly of Watertown, Mass., and late of Madison, Wisconsin, whose sudden disappearance last Autumn has so long been unaccounted for, has been found on the Bluffs at Milwaukee. The cause of his death is unknown. It will be remembered that Mr. White left the hotel in Wisconsin temporarily, but never returned, and was supposed to have been murdered. A special act was passed by the Legislature, empowering the wife to administer upon his estate.

"Hangman Foote," who went over to the [illegible] Nothings in California, and made various interesting developments concerning a plot against the Free Soil Whig[illegible] Fillmore and the Southern Senators, has returned to the [illegible] of "democracy" again. His escapade brought him no go[illegible]

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCIX.

The Argument.—The Correspondent narrateth his bellicose intentions—And towards whom—How he was diverted from them—His Surprise—He repicketh the rod—He apologizeth to Solomon—He recounteth the divers opinions as to the Genesis of the same—And his own—Of the Kansas Appropriation—How the vote came to fall off—The Correspondent on the Boston Traveller—He telleth of the assumption by Massachusetts of the prerogative of giving pap-pats—Also of the Refusal of the Legislature to charter a Coloured Company—He standeth up for the natural rights of folly—He counselleth Gov. Gardner—And Political Parties generally—Of Mr. Choate's frontier line of Flirtation, &c., &c., &c.

Boston, May 9, 1857.

I had fully made up my mind to pitch into the Great and General Court of Massachusetts in this letter, and especially the Senate thereof. And had I not been providentially hindered from writing to you last week, which was my regular time, that august body, and particularly that hemisphere of it, would have got a severe drubbing from me. I was entirely prepared to give it its gruel, hot and thick and slab. A body of men, almost entirely made up of Republicans, who were asking us to act with them last Autumn as the only true and effectual way of advancing the Anti-Slavery Cause, seemed to be as little disposed to do anything in an Anti-Slavery direction as any of its predecessors that made no pretensions to any particular grace. But this present week the Senate has covered a multitude of its sins of omission by passing the Address for the Removal of Judge Loring. I believe I told you in my last that the Joint Committee of seven to which the petitions had been referred had made a Report adverse to the prayer—four advising leave to withdraw. Of the balance, as our Southern friends say, one sat on the fence, while the other two made a Minority Report, advising the passage of the Address and concluding with necessary formula for the same. Well, I considered this as equivalent to the final settlement of the whole matter. And so did the friends of the measure, and the enemies of it also. We all supposed that the Committee fitly represented the state of feeling in the Houses, and that the whole thing must go over for another year at least. To our great amazement—a surprise which was shared by both sides out of doors—when the question came up in the Senate, it appeared that the two of the Committee had chased ten thousand (or, at least, those that stood for as many as that), and that the Minority Report was adopted and the Address voted by twenty-five to twelve! In consideration of this virtuous action, the malfeasances of the Senate may wait for a more convenient season for their due chastisement. The rod shall be put back into the pickle again, and shall be spared for the present, even at the risk of spoiling the froward children. I hope Solomon will excuse the lenity in this instance, as I do not think he can find fault with me for injudicious indulgence, as a general thing.

There are various speculations as to the way in which that consummation was brought about. Some think that there was a disposition to put His Excellency into a place of inconvenient tightness, from which he might find it difficult, notwithstanding his constitutional lubricity, to wriggle himself clear. Others opined that the Know-Nothings were bidding against the Republicans for the Anti-Slavery support of the State—for I believe it was a fact that the minority of twelve were all Republicans, without the smell of Nativism on their garments. Other some, among whom I am willing to be counted, are willing to believe that it was an honest vote, expressing the real opinions of those that cast it, they knowing perfectly well that the people that stood behind them would back them up in it. The reasons for the removal, as they stood when the vote was taken, were reduced to two—1st, his acting as Commissioner in the Burns case, while holding a judicial office, in the face of the recorded opinions of the State as to the Fugitive Slave law made in 1851; and, 2d, his retaining his Commissionership, after it had been declared to amount to an impeachable misconduct for a State Judge to hold an office on which he could be called upon to execute that law. Thus two ways were furnished of reaching what was wanted, and they seem to have sufficed to conduct two-thirds and more of the Senate in the way they should go. There is a general impression that the same motives, whatever they may have been, which led the Senate to this gracious result will also operate to the same effect in the House, whenever the subject comes along. And then we shall have the satisfaction of seeing whether His Excellency will face the music or turn his back upon the same.

The Resolves for appropriating $100,000 for the aid of Massachusetts citizens in Kansas have passed the House by a small majority, after they had had a large vote in earlier stages. This change was attributed in a great degree to the cold water which the *Traveller*, the new Republican paper here, has thrown upon them. This journal, which is made up of the old *Traveller*, the *Telegraph* and the *Atlas*—three single papers rolled into one—took the field with a loud flourish of trumpets sounded before it. It was believed that it was to answer to the New York *Tribune* in its editorial ability and general *newsiness*, and at least to equal it in its Anti-Slavery tone. I am sorry to say that the campaign, so far, has by no means come up to the promise of the proclamation that heralded it. I think the general feeling of the subscribers to the three papers which made it up is that it is not as good as either of its constituent elements was by itself before the conjunction. The proclivity of all American people and papers to serve God so as not altogether to offend the Devil gives tone to the paper, or rather prevents it from having any tone more emphatic than that of a sucking dove. I have heard the opinion expressed more than once, and that by Republicans of earnest Anti-Slavery hearts, that another organ of the party must be established for Massachusetts. I humbly conceive that this halting both ways is very bad policy even for the material prosperity of the paper. The *Traveller*, to succeed, should lead public sentiment and not follow it. The mind of the State desires Anti-Slavery leading, and will respond to it, if it is to be had—and I think it will insist upon getting it in one shape, if not in another. It is my belief that godliness would be great gain in this case, at least. However, all this is apart from what I was saying, which was that the terrible falling off of the vote on the Kansas Resolves was attributed to the influence of the *Traveller*. They passed, however, and are now to be acted upon by the Senate. After the way in which they have been attacked, it seems to me that it would be putting the State in a very discreditable attitude not to complete the grant, now that it has been mooted at all.

One excellent bill has passed the Senate, unanimously I believe, directing the Secretary of State (of Massachusetts, of course) to give passports to any of its coloured inhabitants going into foreign parts. This is, of course, a rebuke of the Dred Scott decision, and of the action of the Department of State in advance of it, denying the rights of citizenship to those of the people on whom the sun has looked, and they are black. As Massachusetts assumed, two hundred years ago, the royalty of coining money and exercised it for a good many years, it is quite proper that she should take the initiative in the matter of asserting her rights of Stateship in the matter of the protection of her citizens in foreign countries. I trust all the Northern States will follow her example. I have no doubt that their passports, in such cases, would be respected all over Europe—more respected even than that of Uncle Samuel himself. One application, made by coloured citizens of the State, has been rejected, to wit, that for a charter as a military company. I cannot regret the fact that any hindrance has been interposed between any of our coloured citizens and the disgrace of being connected with the Sims Brigade. Still, every friend of equal rights must condemn the distinction made in their case, because it was on account of their complexion. I humbly conceive that it is anti-Republican to give White men the monopoly of making fools of themselves. If coloured men have a weakness for cocks'-tails and gold lace, I hold they have as perfect a natural right to indulge themselves in it as their fairer-skinned fellow-citizens. I shall therefore maintain their equal rights in the premises, if I had incurred the character of a member of the legislature. In time of actual service there has never been any objection to letting them take their chance at the bullets and sabre-cuts. I do not see why they should be denied the rapture of the sham-fight, any more than of the real one, and the glorious privilege of imitating real soldiers as vilely as their white companions in arms.

The general impression seems to be that Governor Gardner has been doing his endeavour to strangle these Anti-Slavery infants in their swaddling clothes, so that they might not live to come before him for their sentence of life or death. If it be true that he is looking to a place in Congress in the place of Mr. Damrell, whose health may compel his resignation before next December, I should counsel him, if he would take a fool's advice, to sign all the bills, the Kansas one included, and to remove [illegible]g, in the most perfunctory manner, as soon as [illegible] request is laid before him. I can tell him that [illegible]ass of the people will sustain him in it, and [illegible]reet is of small account in the State just now. [illegible] hath cried aloud in the streets before now, and no man regarded her. I do not know that there is much more chance of her being listened to because she speaks with my voice. But it is Wisdom, nevertheless; and if political parties, pretending to any purpose but the biggest piece of pudding, would only hearken unto us Abolitionists, how much better it would go with them! Fremont would have been President of the United States at this moment if the Republicans would but have allowed us to show them how to go to work. And even now we could teach them how to get possession of the Government at the end of Mr. Buchanan's term, but they will turn a deaf ear unto us, and the Democrats and the Slaveholders will continue to have everything their own way.

I am sorry that I have not been able to spice this letter with some little anecdotes of the times. But all I could tell you are such as you already know or are not worth the telling. Mr. Choate's nice tracing of the precise boundary lines of Flirtation, in the Dalton Divorce Case, is one of the most interesting demarcations of the sort since the North-Eastern Boundary was settled, or perhaps since Mason and Dixon run their line which has given such an unlooked for immortality to their names. But as I know nothing of the country in question, I am not able to vouch for the accuracy of his mapping. This case has occupied the chief of the spare time of our people for the last three weeks, and it ends, like the Kalloch case, in a disagreement of the jury, leaving the unhappy parties worse off than when it begun. Surely it were better that such cases, when they must come to a judicial decision, should be settled in the privacy of the Judge's Chambers, where none need know of the details but those who have a right to know them.

D. Y.

Summary.

The march of civilization is onward! A clergyman in a Springfield, Massachusetts, church, last Sunday, married a couple, substituting the words "gentleman" and "lady" for "man" and "woman."

An old maid recently died at Newtown, N. H., who left property to the value of nearly $40.000. She was all her lifetime getting ready to be married; and had stored up 182 sheets, 63 coverlets, 50 blankets, 27 beds, with 1,120 pounds of feathers, 54 pillows, 43 handkerchiefs, and numerous other "fixins."

Mr. H. Pease, of Darlington, a Quaker, is one of the new members for South Durham. At the announcement of the poll on Monday, in the ceremony of buckling on swords, the drollery, so far as Mr. Pease (a peace-party man, and one of the celebrated Russian deputation) was concerned, convulsed the great assemblage with laughter.

Alabama Conference.—A resolution petitioning the next General Conference of the M. E. Church, South, to expunge from the Discipline the General Rule forbidding "buying and selling of men, women and children, with an intention to enslave them," was passed *unanimously*, and the Bishop requested to present the resolution to all the other Conferences for concurrence.

An Exact Witness.—A humorous fellow, subpœned as a witness on a trial for an assault, one of the counsel, who was notorious for brow-beating witnesses, asked him what distance he was from the parties, when the assault took place, he answered.

"Just four feet five inches and a half."

"How came you to be so exact?" said the counsel.

"Because I expected some fool or other would ask me, so I measured it."

Mrs. Howe, author of the dramatic poem entitled "The World's Own," is said, while revising it for publication, to have blotted out the word "hell" not less than thirty times from that sulphurous composition. Quite enough remains, however, to furnish accommodations for a numerous circle of friends. What other purpose will explain the retention in the printed volume of such expressions, "swift as hell," and others which have about as much poetical aptness?—*Eve. Post.*

Fair Play's a Jewel.—A course of doctrinal sermons on the text, "What must I do to be saved?"—is to be given in Boston, at the Rev. Mr. Winkley's church, in Pitt street, on successive Sabbath evenings, by the following gentlemen: Rev. Mr. Stockbridge (Baptist), Rev. Mr. Richards (Congregationalist), Rev. Dr. Gannett (Unitarian), Rev. Dr. Vinton (Episcopalian), and Rev. Dr. Miner (Universalist). The first sermon of the course was delivered on Sunday evening last, by Rev. Mr. Stockbridge.

Messrs. Child and Peterson, of Philadelphia, have issued proposals for a life of Dr. Kane, which have been subscribed by all the leading men of letters and science in this city. It will consist of a memoir, by Dr. William Elder, of about two hundred pages, followed by a complete collection of all the speeches, resolutions, municipal tributes, poems, letters, and other offerings to the memory of Dr. Kane, called forth by his death. We have every reason to expect a most interesting and valuable Memorial.

Mr. L. D. Campbell, the Ohio Congressman, whose acrobatic performances in the political arena are widely known, advertises in the *Intelligencer*, of Hamilton, all his property in and about that town for sale. The *Telegraph* says: "We supposed this to have been intended for political effect, but learn, from a reliable source, that he really designs to go West, if he can dispose of the large amount of property which he owns in this vicinity."

Suspected Kidnapper.—On last Sunday evening a man named William T. Garrett and a negro woman were landed at this place by the steamer David Gibson, and given into custody on the charge of kidnapping, as to the man, and of being a runaway as to the woman. The woman says she is free, is from Alabama, and calls herself Elizabeth Thompson. The man also says she is free, and that he was travelling with her. Garrett was examined yesterday and committed to jail in default of $500 bail, on the charge of kidnapping. The woman was also committed to jail as a runaway slave.—*Hickman Argus.*

A Fair Hit.—Mr. Choate writes a hand which has been compared to the autograph of a seventeen-legged spider just crawled out of an inkstand. An exchange says: "We are informed that Hon. Rufus Choate will be sent to China—not, however, by the Government as Minister Plenipotentiary, but that he has been engaged at a large salary to go to Canton, where he will be employed *in lettering tea-chests!* It is said that his peculiar style of chirography will enable him to put on those interesting hieroglyphics at a much cheaper rate than the Chinese painters can do it."

How to Break a Nigger.—"I can tell you how to break a nigger of running away, certain," said another. "There was an old fellow I used to know in Georgia, that always cured his so. If a nigger ran away, when he caught him he would bind his knee over a log, and fasten him so that he couldn't stir; then he'd take a pair of pincers and pull one of his toe-nails out by the roots, and tell him that if he ran away again he would pull out two of them; and if he ran away again after that, he told them he'd pull out four of them; and so on, doubling each time. He never had to do it more than twice; it always cured them."—*A Journey through Texas.*

A Slave Case at Washington City.—In the Circuit Court, on Saturday, seven negroes, who belonged to the estate of the late Henry D. Waring, of Prince George's County, Maryland, were delivered over to Mr. Dionysius, Sheriff of the same County, the executor of the will of Mr. Waring, on the ground that the other personal property is insufficient to pay the debts of the deceased. The slaves had been freed by their master, and are claimed by his executor solely on the ground of insufficiency of other *personal* property to pay the debts of the estate. It is understood the negroes will sue for their liberty under the will in the Maryland Courts.

Attempting to Abscond.—Johnson, slave of Jos. Carter, taken on board the schooner Mary Hart, Capt. Ayre, of Massachusetts, at Norfolk, it appears, had secreted himself on board the schooner, and being discovered by Capt. Ayre, he immediately went ashore and gave information, upon which an officer went on board and secured him. Capt. Ayre acted very prudently, for an inspector visited his schooner only half an hour later, and if the negro had been found in his concealment, Capt. Ayre would have been subjected to some trouble. As it was, Capt. Ayre and his crew had only to appear before the Mayor yesterday morning, when, these particulars being stated, they were immediately discharged.—*Norfolk paper.*

Indian Backbone.—The late Indian disturbances at the West are supposed to have been caused by a roving band of Sioux headed by one Umpashoota. This band has never consented to the treaty made four years since with the Federal Government, and it is said of the chief, that when he refused to sign or accept the document, and was told that the President would break him (that is depose him from his chieftainship), he drew himself up, and said to the agent, "tell the President"—designedly omitting the usual title of Great Father—"tell the President that he may break Umpashoota, but he cannot bend him." The Indian spurned the presents tendered by the agents, gathered his little faction about him, and has not been seen nor heard of since unless the late depredations are his.

"A Democratic Free State as good as a Slave State."—So says Stringfellow, and Stringfellow knows, if anybody does. Secretary Stanton, who takes the active part of the governorship of the Territory, Gov. Walker confining himself to the "studying," made the following significant remarks in a speech at Leavenworth:

"He stated that the peaceable admission of Kansas in the Union, *depended more upon her course as a State*, than the institutions which she might choose to adopt.

"That the conservative States of the North or South had no objections to her admission, either with a Constitution allowing or forbidding slavery, *provided they were satisfied that she would neither be an Abolition nor a nullifying State.*"

That is to say, give us two United States Senators to support the Administration and go for slavery, and we will consent to your adopting such a Constitution as three-quarters of the people want.—*Providence Journal.*

Monument to a Slave.—The students of Howard College have erected a suitable monument over the remains of Harry, a slave belonging to the Rev. Henry Talbird, D.D., President of the College. It will be recollected by our readers, that at the burning of Howard College, on the night of the 15th of October, 1854, this faithful slave lost his life in arousing the sleeping students of the College. By his exertions a number of them were saved from an awful death. But in his devotion to them Harry perished. The Students of the College, assisted by the Alabama State Convention, for his heroic conduct on that occasion, have erected a monument to his fidelity with the following inscription:

"Harry, servant of H. Talbird, D.D., President of Howard College, who lost his life from injuries received while arousing the students at the burning of the College buildings on the night of the 15th of October, 1854, aged 23 years.

"Harry was a faithful servant and a consistent member of the Baptist Church, and was employed about the College as a waiting man. He was one of the first to discover the burning building, and by a timely exertion the students sleeping in the upper apartments of the College were aroused in time to save themselves from an awful death."—*Mobile (Ala.) Commonwealth.*

Mrs. M. P. Legaré, editress of the New Orleans *Southern Mirror*, says: Woman is by appointment supreme in the social and domestic circle; it is much more important that she have the finer faculties of her nature in a high state of cultivation than the stronger or more masculine qualities of mind. She had better be a philanthropist than a philosopher. One Florence Nightingale is worth more to mankind than all the Lucretia Motts and Fanny L. Townsends that ever cursed the world; while in the domestic circle one good, intelligent, amiable wife or sister, who with such mental training as serves to develope its beauties, and thus invite the sterner sex to woo its refined pleasures and humanizing influences, shines brighter than a whole "Woman's Rights Convention" in solemn conclave, resolving to don the habiliments and usurp the realm of the other sex. Woman's element is love, her weakness is her strength. I battle against innovation, female suffrage, lady physicians and Bloomer dresses.

[Why don't Mrs. Legaré stick to "the social and domestic circle" and the "element of love," and leave the masculine business of editing newspapers to the other sex?]

A Reminiscence.—In exchanging courtesies with the (Richmond, Va.) *Religious Herald*, we (*American Baptist*) are reminded of a curious document which we clipped from the advertising columns of that journal several years since. As, in our view, it illustrates the blinding influence of slavery upon those who have been long familiar with it, and especially those who have a pecuniary interest in it, we will not deny ourselves the pleasure of presenting it to our readers:

WHO WANTS $35,000 IN PROPERTY?—"I AM desirous to spend the balance of my life as a missionary, if the Lord permit; and therefore offer for sale my farm, The Vineyard adjacent to Williamsburg, and containing about 600 acres—well watered, well wooded, and abounding in marl—together with all the crops and stock and utensils thereon.

"Also, my home and lot in Town, fitted up as a boarding establishment, with all the furniture belonging to the same. Also, about forty servants, mostly young and likely, and rapidly increasing in number and value.

"To a kind master, I would put the whole property at the reduced price of thirty-five thousand dollars, and arrange the payment entirely to suit the purchaser, provided the interest be annually paid.
"Servant Jones."

The Lecture of Rev. E. E. Hale at the Warren street Chapel, last Sunday evening, upon the necessity of relaxation and amusement to our overwrought New England people, was a bold production, fresh, unique and original. The lecturer took the ground that the Church and the State should see to it that the latent taste for amusement in the constitution of the human family should be gratified, without a resort to the gross means now necessitated by the ban placed upon all sportive schemes by religion and law. All measures for promoting public conviviality exist only upon sufferance. If the Church hold a tea-party, it has to be announced that the object is religious, and not social enjoyment. This is all radically wrong. Rest and proper amusement are as necessary to a just development of the higher life, as work, though the old Puritan idea, that this world was the devil's empire, made unceasing toil an attribute of morality. The speaker contended that no man had a right to overtask himself, and that the student who crowded into one day the study of three, and finally broke down under the burden, committed suicide; and his teachers, whoever they might be, that advised such application, were guilty of murder. "We often hear sermons," said the speaker, "against the theatre, but did anybody ever hear one recommending attendance upon the Handel and Haydn Society's concerts? We have heard long dissertations from the pulpit against gambling, but have we ever heard a discourse upon the advantage of the manly game of cricket? Both the pulpit and and the Legislature, while they denounce the bad in our system of amusements, have never yet commended the good." The address abounded in strong and salient point, and we are glad to hear that it will be repeated on some future day.—*Boston Transcript.*

Joshua Coffin, Esq., of Newbury.—We find the following letter from Whittier, the poet, in the Newburyport *Herald* of Wednesday morning:

To the Editor of The Herald: In common with many others in this region, I regret to hear of the continued illness of Joshua Coffin, Esq., so well and widely known as the author of the best and most complete Town History which has yet been given to the public; and whose researches into the records of the Massachusetts Colony have been of great service to more than one of our popular historical authors.

His literary and antiquarian labours—the great value of which will be better appreciated hereafter—have been poorly compensated; and his present misfortune is aggravated by the evils of pecuniary embarrassment. It has occurred to me that there are hundreds in this State, who would esteem it a privilege to contribute something by way of testimonial to the worthy man, scholar and antiquarian. The people of Newbury and Newburyport owe him such a testimonial—and there are many in other places who will be glad to unite with them. Hoping that you will look with favour upon this proposition and lend the influence of your position to it, I am very truly your friend,

Amesbury, 5th mo., 1857.
J. G. W.

A genial letter from the Quaker Poet is before us, that was received last week, calling our attention to this case of need. We at once wrote to the Rev. Leonard Withington, D.D., of Newbury, making some inquiries respecting Mr. Coffin's circumstances, and in reply was told that "he was very poor, and his family were objects of charity and compassion, and that any money raised for him or them will certainly be well bestowed."

Mr. Coffin was Mr. Whittier's schoolmaster, and the poet some years ago published a poetical piece addressed to the veteran teacher. In his letter he wishes his ability to aid Mr. Coffin were ten times as great as it is, for he says "a kinder-hearted, quainter and more genial man never lived than Coffin. He answers well to Burns's Captain Grose. Let the subscription take the shape of a testimonial for his services as a historian and antiquarian."

We should be very happy to receive and forward such sums as may be bestowed by persons in this vicinity in aid of this worthy "historian and antiquarian." Who will aid in this generous work?—*Boston Transcript, 7th.*

Judge Taney's Negro Convert—The Dred Scott Decision Applied.—Slamming the last door of the first car, and opening that of the second, the "gentlemanly conductor" of the New York train made his appearance with his bow and smile, and "Tickets, gentlemen, if you please."

Seated in the front corner, surrounded by personal conveniences, such as a carpet bag, umbrella, big bundle, little bundle, a few apples and pieces of cake, was a coloured lady, whose face—the hue of an inverted saucepan, contrasting with her snow-white ivory and eyeballs, gave that pleasing African expression which is so often the type of humour and good nature.

"Ticket, ma'am," says our conductor, with a civility regardless of complexion.

"I hasn't got 'em," she replied, "but I'se got money, any way"; and she began to fumble in her bag, then in the bundles, searching these articles through in vain.

"Come hurry up," exclaimed her now slightly impatient friend; "I can't wait all day."

"Bress yer soul, yer don't think I find everything in a minute, but I'se got money somewhar—must be in dis yeah cawpet bog," and she felt in her pocket accordingly for the key.

"Well, well, I'll pass through, and when I get back perhaps you will have it ready."

"Yes, sartin," said Dinah; but as he passed along she reached out her umbrella, and giving him a poke upon the shoulder, asked, "What you gwoin to charge on freight?"

"Freight! what do you want to know that for?"

"Cause I does; I'se civil, ain't I?"

"Well, five cents a foot; there, don't bother me any more, but find your money"; and he went his way.

There seemed to be a peculiar drollery about the lady's eye and mouth, as the one rolled around in its black sea of flesh, and the other opened to give vent to an involuntary "yah! ha!" It was not long now before she found her purse, and withdrew some coin, which she kept jingling in her hands, as she kept up her occasional cacchinations.

In due time the conductor returned for his money, and upon extending his itching palm, was somewhat astonished at receiving the precise sum of ten cents.

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed. "The fare to New York is five dollars."

"Yas, yas, I knows dat, for white folks—folks *what am folks*—but *I'se* nobody; I'se *freight*, *I* is. Yah, yah! Poor rule as don't work bof ways; five cents a foot, heah they is!" said she, extending a pair of enormous ambulators for the inspection of the conductor and us all.

The nonplussed functionary stood undetermined for a moment among the shouts of the passengers until an idea of compromise occurred to him, as he exclaimed: "Well, if you are freight, take yourself off into the baggage car." But even there Dinah was too much for him, as she replied, "Jus you pick up your freight if you want to cair um off!"

This settled the point. The conductor vanished, and Dinah offered a pious ejaculation: "Lord bress dat ar 'Preme Court, and gin 'em credit for five dollar bill, any way!"—*Bost. Jour.*

Hume, the Spiritualist.—We understand that Mr. Hume, the celebrated medium, made a fortune in France, and has purchased a valuable farm upon the North River for some of his relatives. He will himself return in the course of the month to Paris, where he is to have an office about the Emperor's person. The Emperor and Empress are said to be thorough converts to the new doctrine. The experiments at the Tuileries were strictly private, Mr. Hume refusing to proceed on any other condition; though the Empress insisted on having her twenty-five maids of honour in the room, she was obliged to content herself with five, who were pledged to secrecy. The newspaper accounts of the doings at the Tuileries Mr. Hume pronounces to be fabrications. As all the above statements come from him or his friends, they should be taken with a grain of allowance.

A correspondent of *The Tribune*, writing from Boston, where Mr. Hume is now staying, says:

"On Monday evening last, a Spiritual session was held at a private house up town, with Hume and Willis, the Cambridge student, for mediums. Some of the editors of *The Traveller*, and *Journal*, and other gentlemen of the press, were present by invitation. The whole company numbered fourteen. The room in which the party assembled was lighted by gas, and every opportunity was afforded for investigation. The usual feats of moving tables and pianos were performed in the most successful manner in full gaslight, with a sharp-eyed, skeptical gentleman under the table, and half-a-dozen others closely watching the mediums, whose feet were also held. The table moved was a heavy extension table, about ten feet long, and on it, part of the time, was the added weight of an editor, whose plump condition does credit to the prosperity of the profession in Boston. One of the leaves of the table was taken out by unseen agency and laid upon the others. A cloth being placed upon the table, a hand, or what to the touch *seemed* a hand, was repeatedly thrust up under it. This was grasped by some of the gentlemen present, in whose grasp it melted away. They state that the form and feel of human fingers was perfectly palpable. The hands of the mediums and of all present were at that time on the table in full sight. Mr. Hume held an accordeon in one hand, taking hold of the bottom of the instrument, while the other hand was stretched out away from it. Several tones were played upon it by invisible agency. One of the editors present inspected it closely; he saw the bellows part and the keys moving exactly as if some person were playing upon it, while it hung suspended in the air at only a few inches from his eyes. The result, in short, of the session was that everybody present was satisfied that the feats performed were done by the mediums, and that any theory of solution, which ascribes them to jugglery, is simply ridiculous."

A feat quite as remarkable as any of the above was performed at a house in the suburbs of this city not long ago. A heavy dining table, with two gentlemen—neither of whom is a thorough-going Spiritualist—standing upon it, was lifted six inches or so from the floor, Mr. Hume being in the room, but not touching the table. A third person, who is a sturdy unbeliever, made sure that the table was really in the air, by thrusting a stick in every direction beneath it. All three, who are gentlemen of the highest position, believe that there was no hocus-pocus about the matter, whatever may be the secret of the seeming miracle.—*Evening Post.*

MARRIED.

Buzby—Dusenberry.—At Newark, N. J., on Wednesday evening, May 6th, at the residence of Henry C. Jones, Esq., by the Rev. J. F. Stearns, Joseph E. Buzby, of New York, to Anna, only daughter of the late Peter Dusenberry, of the former place.

DIED.

Warner.—On the 10th of 1st mo., 1857, Joseph Warner, in the 73d year of his age, at his residence, Borough of Bristol, Bucks County, Pa.

In the contemplation of the life and death of our beloved friend, we feel that Bristol and vicinity have met with a loss that cannot be replaced. In him, the anti-slavery cause, the poor and needy, of all ranks and classes, found a warm friend and generous benefactor. In his removal we miss the hearty laugh, the cheerful look, the dignified welcome at his door, and the true sympathizer in affliction. No marvel, then, that we should feel a solemn blank in the field of practical righteousness. Although the declaration may be fulfilled, "And it shall come to pass, saith the Lord, I will pour out of my spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, and your young men shall see visions." In this our day we feel the need of those among us who have beautifully exemplified the language of the poet.

"This world is not all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given,
He that hath wiped the widows tear,
And smoothed the orphans woes,
Hath tasted something here of Heaven."
P.

Ross.—Suddenly, at the residence of his son-in-law, Andrew J. Graham, on 3d day, 5th month, 5th, of congestion of the heart, Samuel Ross, in the 61st year of his age.

Miscellaneous Department.

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH. MOZART PLAYS FAREWELL.

Excepting that he took leave of Betsey, the servant-maid, with great cordiality, Uncle Joseph spoke not another word, after his parting reply to Mr. Munder, until he and his niece were alone again under the east wall of Porthgenna Tower. There, he paused, looked up at the house, then at his companion, then back at the house once more, and at last opened his lips to speak.

"I am sorry, my child," he said. "I am sorry from my heart. This has been what you call in England a very bad job."

Thinking that he referred to the scene which had just passed in the housekeeper's room, Sarah asked his pardon for having been the innocent means of bringing him into angry collision with such a person as Mr. Munder.

"No! no! no!" he cried. "I was not thinking of the man of the big body and the big words. He made me angry, it is not to be denied; but that is all over and gone now. I put him and his big words away from me, as I kick this stone, here, from the pathway into the road. It is not of your Munders, or your housekeepers, or your Betzies, that I now speak—it is of something that is nearer to you, and nearer to me also, because I make of your interest my own interest, too. I shall tell you what it is, while we walk on—for I see in your face, Sarah, that you are restless and in fear so long as we stop in the neighbourhood of this dungeon-house. Come! I am ready for the march. There is the path. Let us go back by it, and pick up our little baggages at the inn where we left them, on the other side of this windy wilderness of a place."

"Yes, yes, uncle! Let us lose no time; let us walk fast. Don't be afraid of tiring me; I am much stronger now."

They turned into the same path by which they had approached Porthgenna Tower in the afternoon. By the time they had walked over a little more than the first hundred yards of their journey, Jacob, the gardener's boy, stole out from behind the ruinous enclosure at the north side of the house, with his hoe in his hand. The sun had just set, but there was a fine light over the wide, open surface of the moor; and Jacob paused to let the old man and his niece get farther away from the building before he followed them. The housekeeper's instructions had directed him just to keep them in sight, and no more; and, if he happened to observe that they stopped and turned round to look behind them, he was to stop, too, and pretend to be digging with his hoe, as if he was at work on the moorland. Stimulated by the promise of a sixpence, if he was careful to do exactly as he had been told, Jacob kept his instructions in his memory, and kept his eye on the two strangers, and promised as fairly to earn the reward in prospect for him as a boy could.

"And, now, my child, I shall tell you what it is I am sorry for," resumed Uncle Joseph, as they proceeded along the path. I am sorry that we have come out upon this journey, and run our little risk, and had our little scolding, and gained nothing. The word you said in my ear, Sarah, when I was getting you out of the faint (and you should have come out of it sooner, if the muddle-headed people of the dungeon-house had been quicker with the water)—the word you said in my ear was not much, but it was enough to tell me that we have taken this journey in vain. I may hold my tongue, I may make my best face at it, I may be content to walk blindfolded with a mystery that lets no peep of daylight into my eyes—but it is not the less true that the one thing your heart was most set on doing, when we started on this journey, is the one thing also that you have not done. I know that, if I know nothing else; and I say again, it is a bad job—yes, yes, upon my life and faith, there is no disguise to put upon it; it is, in your plainest English, a very bad job."

As he concluded the expression of his sympathy in these quaint terms, the dread and distrust, the watchful terror, that marred the natural softness of Sarah's eyes, disappeared in an expression of sorrowful tenderness, which seemed to give back to them all their beauty.

"Don't be sorry for me, uncle," she said, stopping, and gently brushing away with her hand some specks of dust that lay on the collar of his coat. "I have suffered so much and suffered so long that the heaviest disappointments pass lightly over me now."

"I won't hear you say it!" cried Uncle Joseph. "You give me shocks I can't bear when you talk to me in this way. You shall have no more disappointments——no, you shall not! I, Joseph Buschmann, the Obstinate, the Pig-Headed, I say it!——"

"The day when I shall have no more disappointments, uncle, is not far off, now. Let me wait a little longer, and endure a little longer: I have learned to be patient, and to hope for nothing. Fearing and failing, fearing and failing—that has been my life, ever since I was a young woman—the life I have been inured to by this time. If you are surprised, as I know you must be, at my not possessing myself of the letter when I had the keys of the Myrtle Room in my hand, and when no one was near to stop me, remember the history of my life, and take that as an explanation. Fearing and failing, fearing and failing—if I told you all the truth I could tell no more than [illegible] with [illegible]."

The resignation in her voice and manner, while she spoke, was the resignation of despair. It gave her an unnatural self-possession, which altered her, in the eyes of Uncle Joseph, almost past recognition. He looked at her in undisguised alarm.

"No!" he said, "we will not walk on; we will walk back to the dungeon-house; we will make another plan; we will try to get at this devil's imp of a letter in some other way. I care for no Munders, no housekeepers, no Betzies—I! I care for nothing, but the getting you the one thing you want, and the taking you home again as easy in your mind as I am myself. Come! let us go back."

"It is too late to go back."

"How too late? Ah, dismal, dingy, dungeon-house of the devil, how I hate you!" cried Uncle Joseph, looking back over the prospect, and shaking both his fists at Porthgenna Tower.

"It is too late, uncle," she repeated. "Too late, because the opportunity is lost; too late, because if I could bring it back, I dare not go near the Myrtle Room again. My last hope was to change the hiding-place of the letter—and that last hope I have given up. I have only one object in life left now; you may help me in it; but I cannot tell you how, unless you will come on with me at once—unless you will say nothing more about going back to Porthgenna Tower."

Uncle Joseph began to expostulate. His niece stopped him in the middle of a sentence, by touching him on the shoulder and pointing to a particular spot on the darkening slope of the moor before them.

"Look!" she said, "there is somebody on the path behind us. Is it a boy, or a man?"

Uncle Joseph looked through the fading light, and saw a figure at some little distance. It seemed like the figure of a boy, and he was apparently engaged in digging on the moor.

"Let us turn round, and go on at once," pleaded Sarah, before the old man could answer her. "I can't say what I want to say to you, uncle, until we are safe under shelter at the inn."

They went on, until they reached the highest ground on the moor. There they stopped, and looked back again. The rest of their way lay down hill; and the spot on which they stood was the last point from which a view could be obtained of Porthgenna Tower.

"We have lost sight of the boy," said Uncle Joseph, looking over the ground below them.

Sarah's younger and sharper eyes bore witness to the truth of her uncle's words—the view over the moor was lonely now in every direction, as far as she could see. Before going on again, she moved a little away from the old man, and looked at the tower of the ancient house rising heavy and black in the dim light, with the dark sea-background stretching behind it like a wall. "Never again!" she whispered to herself. "Never, never, never again!" Her eyes wandered away to the church, and to the cemetery inclosure by its side, barely distinguishable now in the shadows of the coming night. "Wait for me a little longer," she said, looking towards the burial-ground with straining eyes, and pressing her hand on her bosom, over the place where the book of Hymns lay hid. "My wanderings are nearly at an end: the day for my coming home again is not far off!"

The tears filled her eyes, and shut out the view. She rejoined her uncle, and, taking his arm again, drew him rapidly a few steps along the downward path—then checked herself, as if struck by a sudden suspicion, and walked back a few paces to the highest ridge of the ground. "I am not sure," she said, replying to her companion's look of surprise—"I am not sure whether we have seen the last yet of that boy who was digging on the moor."

As the words passed her lips, a figure stole out from behind one of the large fragments of granite-rock which were scattered over the waste on all sides of them. It was once more the figure of the boy, and again he began to dig, without the slightest apparent reason, on the barren ground at his feet.

"Yes, yes, I see," said Uncle Joseph as his niece eagerly directed his attention to the suspicious figure. "It is the same boy, and he is digging still, and, if you please, what of that?"

Sarah did not attempt to answer. "Let us get on," she said hurriedly. "Let us get on as fast as we can to the inn."

They turned again, and took the downward path. In less than a minute they had lost sight of Porthgenna Tower, of the old church, and of the whole of the Western view. Still, though there was now nothing but the blank darkening moorland to look back at, Sarah persisted in stopping at frequent intervals, as long as there was any light left, to glance behind her. She made no remark; she offered no excuse for thus delaying the journey back to the inn. It was only when they arrived within sight of the lights of the post-town that she ceased looking back, and that she spoke to her companion. The few words she addressed to him amounted to nothing more than a request that he would ask for a private sitting-room, as soon as they reached their place of sojourn for the night.

They ordered beds at the inn, and were shown into the best parlour to wait for supper. The moment they were alone, Sarah drew a chair close to the old man's side, and whispered these words in his ear:

"Uncle! we have been followed every step of the way from Porthgenna Tower to this place."

"So! so! And how do you know that?" inquired Uncle Joseph.

"Hush! Somebody may be listening at the door, somebody may be creeping under the window. You noticed that boy who was digging on the moor?"

"Bah! Why, Sarah! do you frighten yourself, do you try to frighten me about a boy?"

"O, not so loud! not so loud! They have laid a trap for us. Uncle! I suspected it when we first entered the doors of Porthgenna Tower; I am sure of it now. What did all that whispering mean between the housekeeper and the steward, when we first got into the hall? I watched their faces, and I know they were talking about us. They were not half surprised enough at seeing us, not half surprised enough at hearing what we wanted. Don't laugh at me, uncle! There is real danger: it is no fancy of mine. The keys—come closer—the keys of the north-rooms have got new labels on them; the doors have all been numbered. Think of that! Think of the whispering when we came in, and the whispering afterwards, in the housekeeper's room, when you got up to go away. You noticed the sudden change in that man's behaviour, after the housekeeper spoke to him—you must have noticed it? They let us in too easily, and they let us out too easily. No, no! I am not deluding myself. There was some secret motive for letting us into the house, and some secret motive for letting us out again. That boy on the moor betrays it, if nothing else does. I saw him following us all the way here, as plainly as I see you. I am not frightened without reason, this time. As surely as we two are together in this room, there is a trap laid for us by the people at Porthgenna Tower!"

"A trap? What trap? And how? and why? and wherefore?" inquired Uncle Joseph, expressing bewilderment by waving both his hands rapidly to and fro close before his eyes.

"They want to make me speak, they want to follow me, they want to find out where I go, they want to ask me questions," she answered, trembling violently. "Uncle! you remember what I told you of those erazed words I said to Mrs. Frankland—I ought to have cut my tongue out rather than have spoken them! They have done dreadful mischief—I am certain of it—dreadful mischief already. I have made myself suspected! I shall be questioned, if Mrs. Frankland finds me out again. She will try to find me out—we shall be inquired after here—we must destroy all trace of where we go to next—we must make sure that the people at this inn can answer no questions—O, Uncle Joseph! whatever we do, let us make sure of that!"

"Good," said the old man, nodding his head with a perfectly self-satisfied air. "Be quite easy, my child, and leave it to me to make sure. When you are gone to bed, I shall send for the landlord, and I shall say, 'Get us a little carriage, if you please, sir, to take us back again to-morrow to the coach for Truro.'"

"No, no, no! we must not hire a carriage here."

"And I say, yes, yes, yes! We will hire a carriage here, because I will, first of all, make sure with the landlord. Listen. I shall say to him, 'If there come after us, people, with inquisitive looks in their eyes and uncomfortable questions in their mouths—if you please, sir, hold your tongue.' Then, I shall wink my eye, I shall lay my finger, so, to the side of my nose, I shall give one little laugh that means much—and, crick! crack! I have made sure of the landlord; and there is an end of it!"

"We must not trust the landlord, uncle; we must not trust anybody. When we leave this place to-morrow, we must leave it on foot, and take care that no living soul follows us. Look! here is a map of West Cornwall hanging up on the wall, with roads and cross-roads all marked on it. We may find out, beforehand, what direction we ought to walk in. A night's rest will give me all the strength I want; and we have no luggage that we cannot carry. You have nothing but your knapsack, and I have nothing but the little carpet-bag you lent me. We can walk six, seven, even ten miles, with resting by the way. Come here, and look at the map—pray, pray come and look at the map!"

Protesting against the abandonment of his own project, which he declared, and sincerely believed, to be perfectly adapted to meet the emergency in which they were placed, Uncle Joseph joined his niece in examining the map. A little beyond the post-town, a cross-road was marked, running northward at right angles with the highway that led to Truro, and conducting to another road, which looked large enough to be a coach road, and which led through a town of sufficient importance to have its name printed in capital letters. On discovering this, Sarah proposed that they should follow the cross-road (which did not appear on the map to be more than five or six miles long) on foot, abstaining from any conveyance until they had arrived in the town marked in capital letters. By pursuing this course, they would destroy all trace of their progress, after leaving the post-town—unless, indeed, they were followed on foot from this place, as they had been followed over the moor. In the event of any fresh [illegible] that sort [illegible], Sarah had no better resource to propose than lingering on the road till after nightfall and trusting to the darkness to baffle the vigilance of any person who might be watching at the distance to see where they went.

Uncle Joseph shrugged his shoulders resignedly when his niece gave her reasons for wishing to continue the journey on foot. "There is much tramping through dust, and much looking behind us, and much spying and peeping, and suspecting, and roundabout walking in all this," he said. "It is by no means so easy, my child, as making sure of the landlord, and sitting at our ease on the cushions of the stage coach. But if you will have it so, so shall it be. What you please, Sarah; what you please—that is all the opinion of my own that I allow myself to have till we are back again at Truro, and are resting for good and all at the end of our journey."

"At the end of *your* journey, uncle; I dare not say at the end of *mine*."

Those few words changed the old man's face in an instant. His eyes fixed reproachfully on his niece, his ruddy cheeks lost their colour, his restless hands dropped suddenly to his side. "Sarah!" he said, in a low, quiet tone, which seemed to have no relation to the voice in which he spoke on ordinary occasions—"Sarah! have you the heart to leave me again?"

"Have I the courage to stay in Cornwall? That is the question to ask me, uncle. If I had only my own heart to consult, O, how gladly I should live under your roof—live under it, if you would let me, to my dying day! But my lot is not cast for such rest and such happiness as that. The fear that I have of being questioned by Mrs. Frankland drives me away from Porthgenna, away from Cornwall, away from you. Even my dread of the letter being found, is hardly so great now, as my dread of being traced and questioned. I have said what I ought not to have said already. If I find myself in Mrs. Frankland's presence again, there is nothing that she might not draw out of me. O, my God! to think of that kind-hearted, lovely young woman, who brings happiness with her wherever she goes, bringing up terror to me! Terror when her pitying eyes look at me; terror when her kind voice speaks to me; terror when her tender hand touches mine! Uncle! when Mrs. Frankland comes to Porthgenna, the very children will crowd about her—every creature in that poor village will be drawn towards the light of her beauty and her goodness, as if it was the sunshine of Heaven itself; and I—I, of all living beings—must shun her as if she was a pestilence! The day when she comes into Cornwall is the day when I must go out of it—the day when we two must say farewell. Don't, don't add to the wretchedness of that, by asking me if I have the heart to leave you! For my dead mother's sake, Uncle Joseph, believe that I am grateful, believe it is not my own will that takes me away when I leave you again." She sank down on a sofa near her, with one long, deep sigh, wearily on the pillow, and spoke no more.

The tears gathered thick in Uncle Joseph's eyes as he sat down by her side. He took one of her hands and patted and stroked it as though he were soothing a little child. "I will bear it as well as I can, Sarah," he whispered faintly, "and I will say no more. You will write to me sometimes, when I am left all alone? You will give a little time to Uncle Joseph, for the poor dead mother's sake?"

She turned towards him suddenly, and threw both her arms round his neck with a passionate energy that was strangely at variance with her naturally quiet self-repressed character. "I will write often, dear; I will write always," she whispered, with her head on his bosom. "If I am ever in any trouble or danger, you shall know it." She stopped confusedly, as if the freedom of her own words and actions terrified her, unclasping her arms, and, turning abruptly away from the old man, hid her face in her hands. The tyranny of the restraint that governed her whole life was all expressed—how sadly, how eloquently!—in that one little action.

Uncle Joseph rose from the [illegible], walked gently backward and [illegible] the room, looking [illegible] at his niece, but not speaking to her. After a while, the servant came in to prepare the table for supper. It was a welcome interruption, for it obliged Sarah to make an effort to recover her self-possession. After the meal was over the uncle and niece separated at once for the night, without venturing to exchange another word on the subject of their approaching separation.

When they met the next morning, the old man had not recovered his spirits. Although he tried to speak as cheerfully as usual, there was something strangely subdued and quiet about him in voice, look and manner. Sarah's heart smote her as she saw how sadly he was altered by the prospect of their parting. She said a few words of consolation and hope; and he only waved his hand negatively, in his quaint foreign manner, and hastened out of the room to find the landlord and ask for the bill.

Soon after breakfast, to the surprise of the people at the inn, they set forth to continue their journey on foot, Uncle Joseph carrying his knapsack on his back, and his niece's carpet-bag in hand. When they arrived at the turning that led into the cross-road, they both stopped and looked back. This time, they saw nothing to alarm them. There was no living creature visible on the broad highway over which they had been walking for the last quarter of an hour after leaving the inn.

"The way is clear," said Uncle Joseph, as they turned into the cross-road. "Whatever might have happened yesterday, there is nobody following us now."

"Nobody that we can see," answered Sarah. "But I distrust the very stones by the roadside. Let us look back often, uncle, before we allow ourselves to feel secure. The more I think of it, the more I dread the snare that is laid for us by those people at Porthgenna Tower."

"You say *us*, Sarah. Why should they lay a snare for *me*?"

"Because they have seen you in my company. You will be safer from them when we are parted; and that is another reason, Uncle Joseph, why we should bear the misfortune of our separation as patiently as we can."

"Are you going far, very far away, Sarah, when you leave me?"

"I dare not stop on my journey till I can feel that I am lost in the great world of London. Don't look at me so sadly! I shall never forget my promise; I shall never forget to write. I have friends—not friends like you, but still friends—to whom I can go. I can feel safe from discovery nowhere but in London. My danger is great—it is, it is, indeed! I know, from what I have seen at Porthgenna, that Mrs. Frankland has an interest already in finding me out; and I am certain that this interest will be increased tenfold when she hears (as she is sure to hear) of what happened yesterday in the house. If they *should* trace you to Truro, O, be careful, uncle! be careful how you deal with them; be careful how you answer their questions!"

"I will answer nothing, my child. But tell me—for I want to know all the little chances that there are of your coming back—tell me, if Mrs. Frankland finds the letter, what shall you do then?"

At that question Sarah's hand, which had been resting languidly on her uncle's arm while they walked together, closed on it suddenly. "Even if Mrs. Frankland gets into the Myrtle Room," she said, stopping and looking affrightedly about her while she replied, "she may not find the letter. It is folded up so small; it is hidden in such an unlikely place."

"But if she does find it?"

"If she does, there will be more reason than ever for my being miles and miles away." As she gave that answer, she raised both her hands to her heart, and pressed them firmly over it. A slight distortion passed rapidly across her features; her eyes closed; her face flushed all over—then turned paler again than ever. She drew out her pocket-handkerchief, and passed it several times over her face, on which the perspiration had gathered thickly. The old man, who had looked behind him when his niece stopped, under the impression that she had just seen somebody following them, observed this latter action, and asked if she felt too hot. She shook her head, and took his arm again to go on, breathing, as he fancied, with some difficulty. He proposed that they should sit down by the roadside and rest a little; but she only answered, "Not yet." So they went on for another half-hour; then turned to look behind them again, and, still seeing nobody, sat down for a little while to rest on a bank by the wayside.

After stopping twice more at convenient resting-places, they reached the end of the cross-road. On the highway to which it led them, they were overtaken by a man driving an empty cart, who offered to give them a lift as far as the next town. They accepted the proposal gratefully; and, arriving at the town, after a drive of half-an-hour, were set down at the door of the principal inn. Finding on enquiry at this place that they were too late for the coach, they took a private conveyance, which brought them to Truro late in the afternoon. Throughout the whole of the journey, from the time when they left the post-town of Porthgenna to the time when they stopped, by Sarah's desire, at the coach-office in Truro, they had seen nothing to excite the smallest suspicion that their movements were being observed. None of the people whom they saw in the inhabited places or whom they passed on the road, appeared to take more than the most casual notice of them.

It was five o'clock when they entered the office at Truro to ask about conveyances running in the direction of Exeter. They were informed that a coach would start in an hour's time, and that another coach would pass through Truro at eight o'clock next morning.

"You will not go to-night?" pleaded Uncle Joseph. "You will wait, my child, and rest with me till to-morrow?"

"I had better go, uncle, while I have some little resolution left," was the sad answer.

"But you are so pale, so tired, so weak."

"I shall never be stronger than I am now. Don't set my own heart against me! It is hard enough to go without that."

Uncle Joseph sighed, and said no more. He led the way across the road and down the bye-street to his house. The cheerful man in the shop was polishing a piece of wood behind [illegible] in the same position in which Sarah had seen him when she first looked through the window on her arrival at Truro. He had [illegible] for his master of [illegible], but Uncle Joseph [illegible] absently to all that his shopman said, and [illegible] into the little back parlour without the faintest reflection of [illegible] on his face. "If I had no shop and no orders, I might go away with you, Sarah," he said, when he and his niece were alone. "Aie! Aie! the setting out on this journey has been the only happy part of it. Sit down and rest, my child. I must put my best face upon it, and get you some tea."

When the tea-tray had been placed on the table, he left the room, and returned after an absence of some little time with a basket in his hand. When the porter came to carry the luggage to the coach-office, he would not allow the basket to be taken away at the same time, but sat down and placed it between his feet while he occupied himself in pouring out a cup of tea for his niece.

The musical-box still hung at his side in its travelling-case of leather. As soon as he had poured out the cup of tea, he unbuckled the strap, removed the covering from the box, and placed it on the table near him. His eyes wandered hesitatingly towards Sarah, as he did this: he leaned forward, his lips trembling a little, his hand trifling uneasy with the empty leather-case that now lay on his knees, and said to her in low, unsteady tones:

"You will hear a little farewell song of Mozart? It may be a long time, Sarah, before he can play to you again. A little farewell song, my child, before you go."

His hand stole up gently from the leather-case to the table, and set the box playing the same air that Sarah had heard on the evening when she entered the parlour, after her journey from Somersetshire, and found him sitting alone listening to the music. What depths of sorrow there were now in those few simple notes! What mournful memories of past times gathered and swelled in the heart at the bidding of that one little plaintive melody! Sarah could not summon the courage to lift her eyes to the old man's face—they might have betrayed to him that she was thinking of the days when the box that he treasured so dearly, played the air they were listening to now, by the bedside of his dying child.

The stop had not been set, and the melody after it had come to an end, began again. But now, after the first few bars, the notes succeeded one another more and more slowly—the air grew less and less recognisable—dropped at last to three notes, following each other at long intervals—then ceased altogether. The chain that governed the action of the machinery had all run out: Mozart's farewell song was silenced on a sudden, like a voice that had broken down.

The old man started, looked earnestly at his niece, and threw the leather-case over the box as if he desired to shut out the sight of it. "The music stopped so," he whispered to himself, in his own language, "when little Joseph died! Don't go!" he added quickly, in English, almost before Sarah had time to feel surprised at the singular change that had taken place in his voice and manner. "Don't go! Think better of it, and stop with me."

"I have no choice, uncle, but to leave you—indeed, indeed I have not! You don't think me ungrateful? Comfort me at the last moment by telling me that!"

He pressed her hand in silence, and kissed her on both cheeks. "My heart is very heavy for you, Sarah," he said. "The fear has come to me that it is not for your own good that you are going away from Uncle Joseph, now."

"I have no choice," she sadly repeated, "no choice but to leave you."

"It is time then to get the parting over." The cloud of doubt and fear that had altered his face, from the moment when the music came to its untimely end, seemed to darken, when he had said those words. He took up the basket which he had kept so carefully at his feet, and led the way out in silence.

They were barely in time: the driver was mounting to his seat when they got to the coach-office. "God preserve you, my child, and send you back to me soon, safe and well. Take the basket on your lap; there are some little things in it for your journey." His voice faltered at the last word, and Sarah felt his lips pressed on her hand. The next [illegible] the door was closed, and she saw him dimly through her tears, standing among the idlers on the pavement, who were waiting to see the coach drive off.

By the time they were a little way out of the town, she was able to dry her eyes and look into the basket. It contained a pot of jam and a horn spoon, a small inlaid work-box from the stock in the shop, a piece of foreign-looking cheese, a French roll, and a little paper-packet of money, with the words, "Don't be angry!" written on it, in Uncle Joseph's hand. Sarah closed the cover of the basket again, and drew down her veil. She had not felt the sorrow of the parting in all its bitterness until that moment. Oh, how hard it was to be banished from the sheltering home that was offered to her by the [illegible] she had left in the world!

While that thought was in her mind, the old man was just closing the door of his lonely parlour. [illegible] wandered to the tea-tray on the table and [illegible] empty cup, and he whispered to himself, in his [illegible] language again,

"The music stopped so, when little Joseph [illegible]

HARMOSAN.

A BALLAD.

BY RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

Now the third and fatal conflict for the Persian throne was done,
And the Moslem's fiery valour had the crowning victory won.

Harmosan, the last and boldest the invader to defy,
Captive overborne by numbers, they were bringing forth to die.

Then exclaimed that noble captive: "Lo, I perish in my thirst;
Give me but one drink of water, and let then arrive the worst!"

In his hand he took the goblet, but awhile the draught forebore,
Seeming doubtfully the purpose of the foemen to explore.

Well might then have paused the bravest—for around him angry foes
With a hedge of naked weapons did that lonely man enclose.

"But what fearest thou?" cried the Caliph: "is it, friend, a secret blow?
Fear it not! our gallant Moslems no such treacherous dealing know.

"Thou may'st quench thy thirst securely, for thou shalt not die before
Thou hast drunk that cup of water—this reprieve is thine—no more!"

Quick the Satrap dashed the goblet down to earth with ready hand,
And the liquid sunk forever, lost amid the burning sand.

"Thou hast said that mine my life is, till the water of that cup
I have drained: then bid thy servants that spilled water gather up!"

For a moment stood the Caliph as by doubtful passions stirred—
Then exclaimed: "Forever sacred must remain a monarch's word.

"Bring another cup, and straightway to the noble Persian give:
Drink, I said before, and perish—now I bid thee drink and live!"

BUNYAN AND HIS WRITINGS.

At length Bunyan began to write, and, though it was some time before he discovered where his strength lay, his writings were not unsuccessful. They were coarse, indeed, but they showed a keen mother-wit, a great command of the homely mother-tongue, an intimate knowledge of the English Bible, and a vast and dearly-bought spiritual experience. They therefore, when the corrector of the press had improved the syntax and the spelling, were well received by the humbler class of Dissenters.

Much of Bunyan's time was spent in controversy. He wrote sharply against the Quakers, whom he seems always to have held in utter abhorrence. It is, however, a remarkable fact, that he adopted one of their peculiar fashions: his practice was to write, not November or December, but eleventh month and twelfth month.

He wrote against the liturgy of the Church of England. No two things, according to him, had less affinity than the form of prayer and the spirit of prayer. Those, he said with much point, who have most of the spirit of prayer, are all to be found in jail; and those who have most zeal for the form of prayer are all to be found at the ale-house. The doctrinal articles, on the other hand, he warmly praised, and defended against some Arminian clergyman who had signed them. The most acrimonious of all his works, is his answer to Edward Fowler, afterwards bishop of Gloucester, an excellent man, but not free from the taint of Pelagianism.

Bunyan had also a dispute with some of the chiefs of the sect to which he belonged. He doubtless held with perfect sincerity the distinguishing tenet of that sect, but he did not consider that tenet as one of high importance; and willingly joined in communion with pious Presbyterians and Independents. The sterner Baptists, therefore, loudly pronounced him a false brother. A controversy arose which long survived the original combatants. In our own time the cause which Bunyan had defended with rude logic and rhetoric against Kiffin and Danvers was pleaded by Robert Hall with an ingenuity and eloquence such as no polemical writer has ever surpassed.

During the years which immediately followed the Restoration, Bunyan's confinement seems to have been strict. But as the passions of 1660 cooled, as the hatred with which the Puritans had been regarded while their reign was recent gave place to pity, he was less and less harshly treated. The distress of his family, and his own patience, courage, and piety, softened the hearts of his persecutors. Like his own Christian in the cage, he found protectors even among the crowd of Vanity Fair. The Bishop of the diocese, Dr. Barlow, is said to have interceded for him. At length the prisoner was suffered to pass most of his time beyond the walls of the jail, on condition, as it should seem, that he remained within the town of Bedford.

He owed his complete liberation to one of the worst acts of one of the worst governments that England has ever seen. In 1671 the Cabal was in power. Charles II. had concluded the treaty by which he bound himself to set up the Roman Catholic religion in England. The first step which he took towards that end was to annul, by an unconstitutional exercise of his prerogative, all the penal [illegible] against the Roman Catholics; and, in [illegible] design, he annulled at the same [illegible] against Protestant non-conformists. Bunyan [illegible] consequently set at large. In the first warmth of his gratitude he published a tract in which he compared Charles to that [illegible] and generous Persian king who, though not himself blessed with the light of the true religion, favored the chosen people, and permitted them, after years of captivity, to rebuild their beloved temple. To candid men, who consider how much Bunyan had suffered, and how little he could guess the secret design of the court, the unsuspicious thankfulness with which he accepted the precious boon of freedom will not appear to require any apology.

Before he left his prison he had begun the book which has made his name immortal. The history of that book is remarkable. The author was, as he tells us, writing a treatise in which he had occasion to speak of the stages of the Christian progress. He compared that progress, as many others had compared it, to a pilgrimage. Soon his quick wit discovered innumerable points of similarity which had escaped his predecessors. Images came crowding on his mind faster than he could put them into words, quagmires and pits, steep hills, dark and horrible glens, soft vales, sunny pastures, a gloomy castle of which the court-yard was strewn with the skulls and bones of murdered prisoners, a town all hustle and splendour, like London on the Lord Mayor's Day, and the narrow path, straight as a rule could make it, running on up hill and down hill, through city and through wilderness, to the Black River and Shining Gate. He had found out, as most people would have said, by accident, as he would doubtless have said, by the guidance of Providence, where his powers lay. He had no suspicion, indeed, that he was producing a masterpiece. He could not guess what place his allegory would occupy in English literature; for of English literature he knew nothing. Those who suppose him to have studied the Fairy Queen might easily be confuted, if this were the proper place for a detailed estimation of the passages in which the two allegories have been thought to resemble each other. The only work of fiction, in all probability, with which he could compare his Pilgrim, was his old favourite, the legend of Sir Bevis of Southampton. He would have thought it a sin to borrow any time from the serious business of his life, from his expositions, his controversies, and his lace tags, for the purpose of amusing himself with what he considered a mere trifle. It was only, he assures us, at spare moments that he returned to the House Beautiful, the Delectable Mountains, and the Enchanted Ground. He had no assistance. Nobody but himself saw a line till the whole was complete. He then consulted his pious friends. Some were pleased, others were much scandalized. It was a vain story, a mere romance, about giants, and lions, and goblins, and warriors, sometimes fighting with monsters, and sometimes regaled by fair ladies in stately palaces. The loose atheistical wits of Will's might write such stuff to divert the painted Jezebels of the court! but did it become a minister of the Gospel to copy the evil fashions of the world? There had been a time when the cant of such fools would have made Bunyan miserable. But that time was passed; and his mind was now in a firm and healthy state. He saw that, in employing fiction to make truth clear and goodness attractive, he was only following the example which every Christian ought to propose to himself; and he determined to print.

The *Pilgrim's Progress* stole silently into the world. Not a single copy of the first edition is known to be in existence. The year of publication has not been ascertained. It is probable, that during some months, the little volume circulated only among poor and obscure sectaries. But soon the irresistible charm of a book which gratified the imagination of the reader, with all the action and scenery of a fairy tale, which exercised his ingenuity by setting him to discover a multitude of curious analogies, which interested his feelings for human beings, frail like himself, and struggling with temptations from within and without, which every moment drew a smile from him by some stroke of quaint yet simple pleasantry, and nevertheless left on his mind a sentiment of reverence for God and of sympathy for man, began to produce its effect. In puritanical circles, from which plays and novels were strictly excluded, that effect was such as no work of genius, though it were superior to Iliad, to Don Quixote or to Othello, can ever produce on a mind accustomed to indulge in literary luxury. In 1678 came forth a second edition with additions, and then the demand became immense. In the four following years the book was reprinted six times. The eighth edition, which contains the last improvements made by the author, was published in 1682, the ninth in 1684, the tenth in 1685. The help of the engraver had early been called in; and tens of thousands of children looked with terror and delight on execrable copper-plates, which represented Christian thrusting his sword into Apollyon, or writhing in the grasp of Giant [illegible] In Scotland, and in some of the colonies, the [illegible] was even more popular than in his native country. [illegible] told us, with very pardonable vanity, that in [illegible] his dream was the daily subject of the conversation of thousands, and was thought worthy to appear in [illegible] superb binding. He had numerous admirers [illegible], and among the Huguenots of France. With [illegible], however, he experienced some of the pains of [illegible]. Knavish booksellers put forth volumes of trash under his name, and envious scribblers maintained it to be impossible that the poor ignorant tinker should really be the author of the book which was called his.

He took the best way to confound both those who counterfeited him and those who slandered him. He continued to work the Gold-field which he had discovered, and to draw from it new treasures, not indeed with quite such ease, and in quite such abundance as when the precious soil was still virgin, but yet with success which left all competition far behind. In 1684 appeared the second part of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. It was soon followed by the *Holy War*, which, if the *Pilgrim's Progress* did not exist, would be the best allegory that ever was written.—"*New Biographies of Illustrious Men.*"

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

The cedars, which still bear their ancient name, stand mostly upon four small contiguous, rocky knolls, within a compass of less than forty rods in diameter. They form a thick forest, without underbrush. The older trees have each several trunks, and thus spread themselves widely around; but most of the others are cone-like in form, and do not throw out their boughs laterally to any great extent. Some few trees stand alone on the outskirts of the grove; and one especially, on the south, is large and very beautiful. With this exception, none of the trees came up to my ideal of the graceful beauty of the cedar of Lebanon, such as I had formerly seen it, in the Jardin des Plantes. Some of the older trees are already much broken, and will soon be wholly destroyed. The fashion is now coming into vogue to have articles made of this wood, for sale to travellers; and it is also burned as fuel by the few people that here pass the Summer. These causes of destruction, though gradual in their operation, are nevertheless sure. Add to this the circumstance that travellers, in former years (to say nothing of the present time), have been shameless enough to cause large spots to be hewn smooth, on the trunks of some of the noblest trees, in order to inscribe their names. The two earliest which I saw were Frenchmen; one was dated in 1791. The wood of the cedar, *Pinus Cedrus*, is white, with a pleasant but not strong odour, and bears no comparison, in beauty or fragrance, with the common red cedar of America, *Juniperus Virginiana*.

I made no attempt to count the trees. Probably no two persons would fully agree in respect to the old ones, or in the number of the whole. Yet I should be disposed to concur in the language of Burckhardt, who says: "Of the oldest and best-looking trees, I counted eleven or twelve; twenty-five very large ones; about fifty of middling size; and more than three hundred smaller and young ones." Yet there is no room to doubt that, during the last three centuries, the number of earlier trees has diminished by nearly or quite one-half; while the younger growth has, in great part, if not wholly, sprung up during that interval. Büsching enumerates, by name, no less than twenty-six travellers between A. D. 1550 and 1755, from P. Belon to Stephen Schulz, who had described and counted the trees; and, since that time, the number of like descriptions has probaby been hardly less than twice as many. In the sixteenth century, the number of old trees is variously given as from twenty-eight to twenty-three; in the seventeenth, from twenty-four to sixteen; in the eighteenth, from twenty to fifteen. After the lapse of another century, the number of the oldest trees, as we have seen, is now reduced to about a dozen. All this marks a gradual process of decay; and it also marks the difficulty of exact enumeration. This is rightly ascribed by Fürer, and also by Dandini, to the fact that many of the trees have two or more stems, and were thus reckoned differently by different travellers, sometimes, as one tree, sometimes as two or more. All the travellers of the sixteenth century speak only of the old trees; they nowhere mention any young ones. Rauwolf, himself a botanist, seems to say, expressly, that he sought for younger trees, without being able to find any. If this be so, it would appear that, with the exception of the few remaining ancient trees, perhaps none of those which now make up the grove can be regarded as reaching back in age more than three hundred years.

In the minds of the common people, an air of sanctity is thrown around the grove, the river and the region. The ancient trees are sacred, as coming down from the times of Scripture and Solomon; and the river which has its source near by is sacred, and is called el-Kadisha. In former centuries, the Patriarch of the Maronites imposed various ecclesiastical penalties, and even excommunication, on any Christian who should cut or injure the sacred trees; and the story is recorded that, when some Muslims, who were pasturing in the vicinity, were so hardened and impious as to cut some of the trees, they were punished on the spot by the loss of their flocks. In former times, too, the Maronites were accustomed to celebrate, in the sacred grove, the festival of the Transfiguration—when the Patriarch himself officiated, and said mass before a rude altar of stones. This law and these ceremonies are, to a certain extent, continued at the present day; and the influence of them, unquestionably, has been great upon the popular mind. The rude altars of stones have, in our day, been superseded by a Maronite chapel, built within the last ten years. Several persons were residing here, during Summer, in connection with the chapel; but we did not learn what services were held in it. A part of the object of these persons seemed to be to wait on travellers, or to supply their wants, and thus gain a claim for *bakhshish*. A monk brought us wine for sale, and seemed disappointed when we declined the traffic.

The cedars are not less remarkable for their position than for their age and size. The amphitheatre in which they are situated is of itself a great temple of Nature—the most vast and magnificent of all the recesses of Lebanon. The lofty dorsal ridge of the mountain, as it approaches from the south, trends slightly toward the east, for a time; and then, after resuming its former direction, throws off a spur, of equal altitude, toward the west, which sinks down gradually into the ridge terminating at Ehden. This ridge sweeps round so as to become nearly parallel with the main ridge—thus forming an immense recess or amphitheatre, approaching to the horse-shoe form, surrounded by the loftiest ridges of Lebanon, which rise still two or three thousand feet above it, and are partly covered with snows. In the midst of this amphitheatre stand the cedars, utterly alone, with not a tree beside, nor hardly a green thing in sight. The amphitheatre fronts toward the west, and, as seen from the cedars, the snows extend around from south to north. The extremities of the arc, in front, bear from the cedars south-west and north-west. High up, in the recess, the deep, precipitous chasm of the Kadisha has its beginning—the wildest and grandest of all the gorges of Lebanon.

The elevation of the cedars above the sea is given by Russegger and Schubert at 6,000 Paris feet, equivalent to 6,400 English feet. The peaks of Lebanon rise nearly 3,000 feet higher.

Beside the natural grace and beauty of the cedar of Lebanon, which still appear in the trees of middle age, though not in the more ancient patriarchs, there is associated with this grove a feeling of veneration, as the representative of those forests of Lebanon so celebrated in the Hebrew Scriptures. To the sacred writers, the cedar was the noblest of trees, the monarch of the vegetable kingdom. Solomon "spake of trees, from the cedar-tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall." To the prophets it was the favourite emblem for greatness, splendour, and majesty; hence kings and nobles, the pillars of society, are everywhere cedars of Lebanon. Especially is this the case in the splendid description, by Ezekiel, of the Assyrian power and glory. Hence, too, in connection with its durability and fragrance, it was regarded as the most precious of all wood, and was employed in costly buildings for ornament and luxury. In Solomon's temple, the beams of the roof, as also the boards and the ornamental work, were of the cedar of Lebanon; and it was likewise used in the later temple of Zerubbabel. David's palace was built with cedar; and so lavishly was this costly wood employed in one of Solomon's palaces, that it is called "the house of the forest of Lebanon." As a matter of luxury, also, the cedar was sometimes used for idols, and for the masts of ships. In like manner, the cedar was highly prized among heathen nations. It was employed in the construction of their temples, as at Tyre and Ephesus, and also in their palaces, as at Persepolis. In the two latter instances, however, Ephesus and Persepolis, it does not follow that the cedar came from Lebanon, though that of Syria was among the most celebrated. It is also very possible that the name *cedar* was sometimes loosely applied to trees of another species.—*Robinson's Biblical Researches in Palestine and Adjacent Regions.*

A Good Reply.—A lady had written on a card, and placed it on the top of an hour-glass in her garden-house, the following simple verse from the poems of J. Clare. It was when the flowers were in their highest glory.

"To think of Summer yet to come,
That I am not to see!
To think a weed is yet to bloom
From dust that I shall be!"

The next morning she found the following lines in pencil, on the back of the same card. Well would it be if all would ponder upon the question—not in view of and make preparation for, an unknown state of existence:

To think when heaven and earth are fled,
And times and seasons o'er,
When all that can die shall be dead
That I must die no more!
Oh, where will then my portion be
Where shall I spend ETERNITY?

Woodcock's Love of his Child.—"Mary, it don't seem but a little spell ago when I come home one night—it was twelve long years ago, but it don't seem more'n one, and 'twas 'way off in the old country—and I found this little gal in bed with her mother. You was a little thing then, as soft and simple as a young robin, but byme-by you begun to grow, and turn up your black eyes to her'n, and laugh in her sweet face till she cried in your u. And then you'd go to sleep, with your cheek right up agin her soft breast, and she with her arms round you, lovin' you all the time. And when you got older, Mary, and could toddle round, and we began to feed you on the nanny-goat's milk, and you got all tucked out, playin' and runnin' out doors, and would come in with your eyes lookin' as heavy as lead, she used to take you up in her lap and put your little head—littler and softer'n 'tis now—in her bosom; and there you lay, half laughin' in your sleep, and she lovin' you all time."—*From the "B[illegible] Path."*

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Thomas A. Dexter, Marshal P. Wilder
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A. W. Thaxter, Jr., Geo. H. Folger
B. F. Stevens, Secretary.
References in New York: Rev. S. H. Tyng, D.D.; A. [illegible] Hall, District Attorney of New York City; R. Warren Weston [illegible] Co.); Wm. W. Stone (Lawrence, Stone & Co.); William [illegible] (A. and A. Lawrence & Co.); B. J. Howland; Rev. G. [illegible] Henry L. Pierson; D. Randolph Martin, President Ocean Bank; [illegible] L. King (Naylor & Co.); Rev. S. S. Cutting; Ellery & Gibbons; [illegible] man Hunt (Hunt's Magazine); Samuel B. Ruggles; and Rev. [illegible] Storrs, D.D., of Brooklyn.
JOHN HOPPER,
Agent and Attorney for the Company.
1y 110 Broadway, New York.

Philadelphia Advertisements.

NEW BOARDING HOUSE—Respectable persons can be accommodated with genteel transient or permanent boarding, by applying to the subscriber, No. 374 South street, below [illegible], Philadelphia.
WM. [illegible]

THEODORE PARKER'S WORKS.—Just received and for sale at Anti-Slavery Office, Philadelphia—
PARKER'S ADDITIONAL SPEECHES. 2 vols.
PARKER'S DISCOURSE OF RELIGION. 1 vol.
Also, Portraits, large and elegant, of Parker, Phillips, Sumner and William Lloyd Garrison.

FRANKLIN WOOD, 104 South Fourth street, below Walnut, Philadelphia.
CONVEYANCING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.
Real Estate bought and sold. Money procured or invested on Mortgage. First-class Ground Rents bought and sold on commission. Houses rented, Rents collected, &c. &c.
N. B. Marriage Certificates, Friends' ceremony drawn, neatly and correctly.

CARRIAGE REPOSITORY.—The subscriber informs the public that he has opened his new Carriage Repository, No. 156 Race street, below Fifth, where he intends to keep an assortment of new and second hand Carriages for sale or exchange, or to hire. Carriages made to order on moderate terms. Carriages sold on commission. Carriages neatly repaired. GEO. DODD, Philadelphia.

CHARLES C. JACKSON, Tailor, 201 Arch street, below Sixth street, Philadelphia, would respectfully invite the attention of his friends and the public to his establishment, where a constant assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres, Vestings, &c., of the best quality, will be kept ready to make up to order in the best manner and on the most accommodating terms.

PRIZE MEDAL awarded in London, in 1851, for his superiority over all others in the manufacture of Travelling Trunks, Carpet Bags, Valices, Gum Shoes, Coaches Hobby-Horses and sole leather, steel spring, iron frame, iron-bound Trunks of all descriptions, of the best materials and workmanship. Black Leather Enamelled Bags, at the lowest prices.
THOS. W. MATTSON, Trunk Manufacturer,
130 Market street, S. W. cor. 4th, Philadelphia.

PHRENOLOGICAL CABINET.—Fowlers, Wells & Co., Phrenologists and Publishers, 231 Arch street, below Seventh, Philadelphia, furnish all works on Phrenology, Physiology, Water Cure, Magnetism and Phonography, wholesale and retail, at New York prices.
Professional examinations, with charts, and full written descriptions of character, day and evening. Cabinet free.

KENDERDINE & JUSTICE, Importers and Dealers in Foreign and Domestic HARDWARE, S. W. corner Spring Garden and Seventh streets, Phila. Constantly on hand a general assortment of Hardware, Cutlery &c., at the lowest cash prices, wholesale or retail. Particular attention paid to furnishing Hardware for buildings.
JOSEPH R. KENDERDINE, | WARNER JUSTICE.

PHRENOLOGY.—Removal.—William B. Elliott's Institute and Museum is now at the spacious (Simes) building 359 Chestnut street, above 12th, Philadelphia. He has, in addition to Phrenological Books and Busts, Stationery for sale. Open day and evening to visitors—free—and for useful written descriptions of the mind and talents. From the handwriting (natural) the same will be analyzed. Price $3.

CONFECTIONERY—REMOVAL.—Leatitia Bullock, respectfully informs her friends and the public that she has removed to No. 152 North Sixth street, below Race, opposite the old stand, where she is prepared to furnish Ice Creams, Water Ices, Jellies, Cakes, Candies, &c., of every description and of the best materials, all the produce of Free Labour, and warranted to give entire satisfaction. Parties and families furnished at shortest notice. Orders sent to any part of the city.

A LARGE assortment of SALAMANDER SAFES, of various sizes, always on hand, at No. 26 South Fourth street, Philadelphia. Warranted equal to any made in the United States. EVANS & WATSON, thankful for past favours, respectfully solicit a continuance of the same. Please give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. Patent slate-lined Refrigerators, Water Filters, &c. A large assortment always on hand.
N. B. Sole Agency for Butterworth's celebrated Bank Vault and Door Locks. These locks bid defiance to all lock picks, Hobbs included.

SPRING TRIMMINGS!—CLENDENON & WILSON, 813 (late 111) Spring Garden street, above 8th, have now on hand an elegant variety of Dress and Mantilla Trimmings, for spring and summer; consisting, in part, of plain and mixed Fringes; Fancy Moire-Antiques; Ducal Braids; Imogene Moss Trimming; Fancy Braids; Tassel and Acorn Buttons; Silk and Fancy Buttons; Marseilles Braids, Buttons and Fringes; and staple Trimmings of all kinds.
Also a good assortment of Ladies' and Children's Hosiery; Mohair Mitts; Lisle Thread and Silk Gloves; Combs; Brushes; Fancy Soaps, Perfumery; Fans; Shetland Wool; Zephyr and Tapestry Worsted; Patterns for worsted work, &c. &c.
Prices moderate and goods all of the best quality.

ROBERT R. CORSON & CO., successors to Bacon, Price & Co., have taken the Office recently occupied by the latter, at No. 53 South Fourth street, Philadelphia, and are now prepared to deliver Lehigh, Schuylkill and Locust Mountain COAL of the best quality. Their knowledge of the Coal business, acquired by a residence of both members of the firm in Schuylkill County, and the connection of one of them with B., P. & Co., in their wholesale business, for two years, warrants them in saying that they can buy and sell on better terms than those of the trade who are not conversant with ALL the details of the business.
Orders respectfully solicited. ROBERT L. CORSON,
CHARLES L. BACON.
Office, 53 South Fourth street, and Broad above Spruce street, Philadelphia.

Equality to all! Uniformity of Prices! A new feature in Business. Every one his own Salesman.
JONES & Co., of the Cresent One Price Clothing Store, No. 200 Market street, above 6th, in addition to having the largest, most varied and fashionable stock of Clothing in Philadelphia made expressly for retail sales, have constituted every one his own salesman, by having marked in figures, on each article, the very lowest price it can be sold for, so they cannot possibly vary—all *must* buy alike. The goods are all well sponged and prepared, and great pains taken with the making, so that all can buy with the full assurance of getting a good article at the very lowest price.
Remember the CRESCENT, in Market, above 6th, No. 200. Phila.
JONES & CO.

TO COUNTRY STOREKEEPERS.—The subscriber has on hand, of his own manufacture, a large assortment of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Leather, Kid and Morocco BOOTS, SHOES and GAITERS, of the best workmanship and materials, which he will sell at as low wholesale prices as any person in the City. Buyers can get any sizes to make up assortments without having to purchase the smaller or more unsaleable sizes. WM. C. PARKER,
No. 91 North Sixth street, below Race, Philadelphia.
N. B. Gaiter Uppers, ready for the last, sold to Country Shoemakers at low prices. Also, Gum Shoes.

FAMILY FLOUR STORE, No. 35 North Fifth street, near Arch, Philadelphia. From this central establishment families may procure the finest qualities of Flour to be had in the market, as care is taken to keep a constant supply of the most desirable brands. Also, Rye, Buckwheat, Indian, Oat and unbolted Wheat Meal, fresh from the mill, delivered by an obliging porter, anywhere in the city and adjoining districts, or on board the different transportation lines leaving the city. CALEB CLOTHIER.
N. B. An assortment of choice Family Hams, both Jersey and Western.

SIGN of the MAMMOTH PEN, No. 52 N. Fourth street (2d door below Arch), Phila., wholesale and retail Stationery, Blank Books, &c., which we will sell lower than the usual prices; English, French and American Cap, Letter and Note Papers, Envelopes, Sealing Wax, plain and fancy Wafers of every description, very superior Gold and Steel Pens, Ink and Inkstands, Sand Boxes, Wafer Cups, Paper Weights, plain and fancy Pen-holders, Drawing Pencils and Books, Bristol Board, Tracing Paper, Impression Paper, Tissue Paper, &c. Visiting and Wedding Cards engraved or written to order. Portmonnaies, Pocket Books, Portfolios, Card Cases, Bankers' Cases, Diaries, &c. All kinds of Blank Books, Drafts, Deeds, Mortgages, &c. Rodgers' Wolstenholm's and other Cutlery. Good self-sealing Envelopes, 10 cents per 100 and 90 cents per thousand.
J. W. CLOTHIER & CO., Fourth st., below Arch, Phila.

PORTABLE DESK and DRESSING CASE Manufactory.—To ladies and gentlemen about to travel, the subscriber would respectfully call their attention to articles he manufactures, many of which are made expressly for travelling purposes, great care and study having been expended to render each article truly a multum in parvo; also, his well-selected stock of imported and domestic Perfumery, of the best descriptions; Brushes of all kinds, of English and American manufacture; Combs, Razors, Penknives, Scissors, and every instrument necessary for the toilet, of the most approved makers; an assortment always on hand of Desks, Dressing Cases, Ladies' Reticules, Work Cases, Portfolios, Pocket Books, Portmonnaies, Money Belts and a general assortment of useful Fancy articles. WM. T. FRY, Manufacturer.
128 Arch street, above Sixth, south side Philadelphia.

URATE FOR SALE.—Urate a new highly nitrogen[illegible] and phosphatous Manure [illegible] the name suggests [illegible] (dry and granulated) of concentrated urine [illegible] offered to the American agricultural public, it has [illegible] years past, a worthy favourite of [illegible] English French [illegible] former farmer, to whom [illegible] Frankfort have furnished it in large quantities.
For sale at [illegible] cents per lb. by CLINTON GILLINGHAM, at [illegible] No. 535 N[illegible] Chocksink Works [illegible] below Front [illegible] Philadelphia, [illegible] Front [illegible] Orders left at the [illegible] promptly attended to.

BOOKS FOR SALE AT THE ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE Philadelphia.
Poems, on miscellaneous subjects by Frances E. Watkins
The Edinburgh Doll and other Tales for Children
Pictures and Stories from Uncle Tom's Cabin
The Refugee, or the Narrative of Fugitive Slaves in Canada
Miscellaneous Writings on Slavery, by William Jay
Africa and the American Flag, by Foote
Caste, a Story of Republican Equality
Star Paper by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher
Coloured Patriots of the American Revolution by W. C. Nell
Speeches in Congress, by Hon. Joshua R. Giddings
The Personal Narrative of Mrs Marg't Douglass, a Southern woman
Sketches of Places and People Abroad, by Wm Wells Brown
Writings of Garrison
The Garland of Freedom
Uncle Tom's Cabin, variously bound
&c. &c. &c.
Any book in the Philadelphia market can be had, and at the current price, by applying at this office.